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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 9 No. 10
50p

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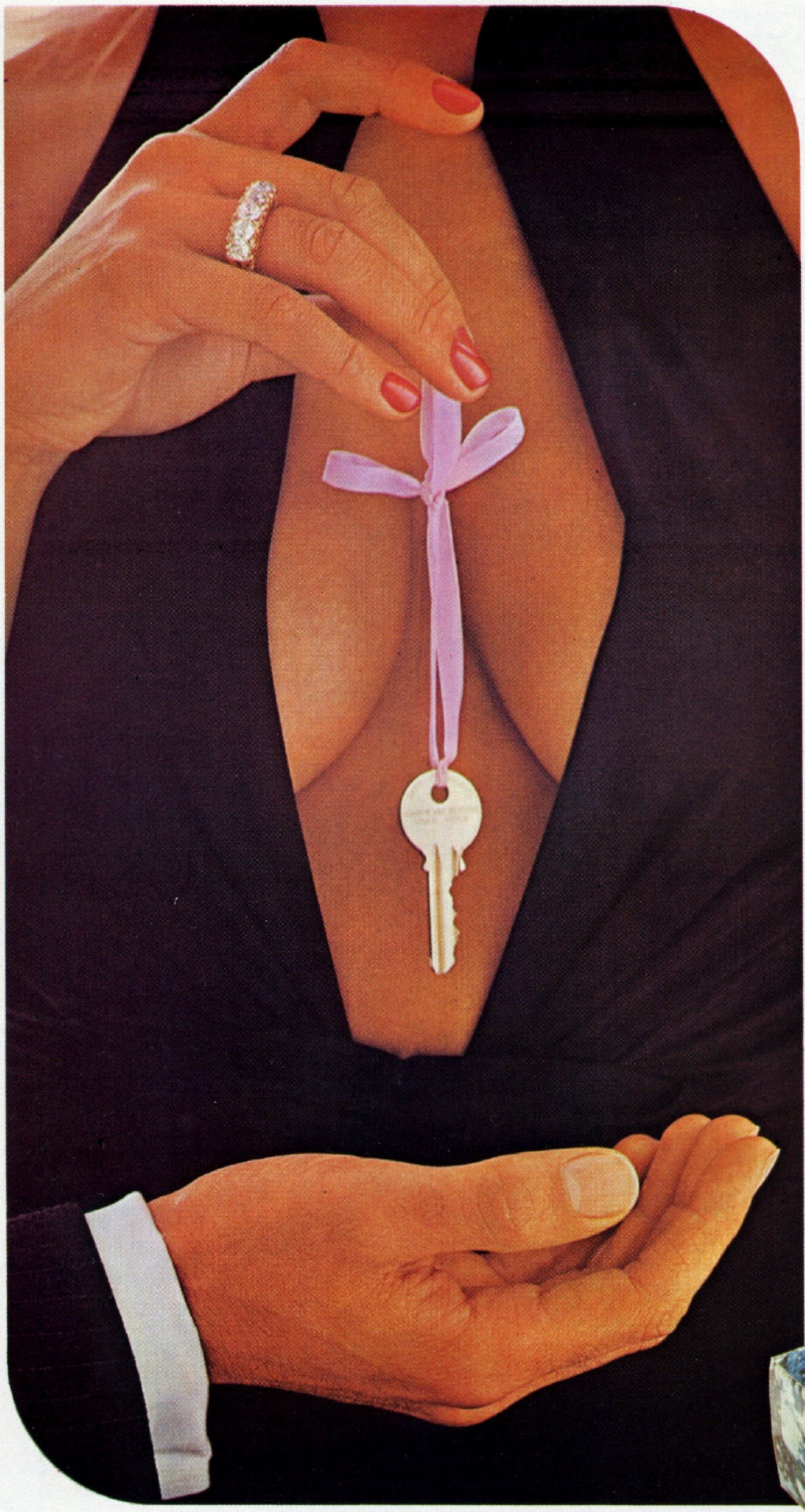

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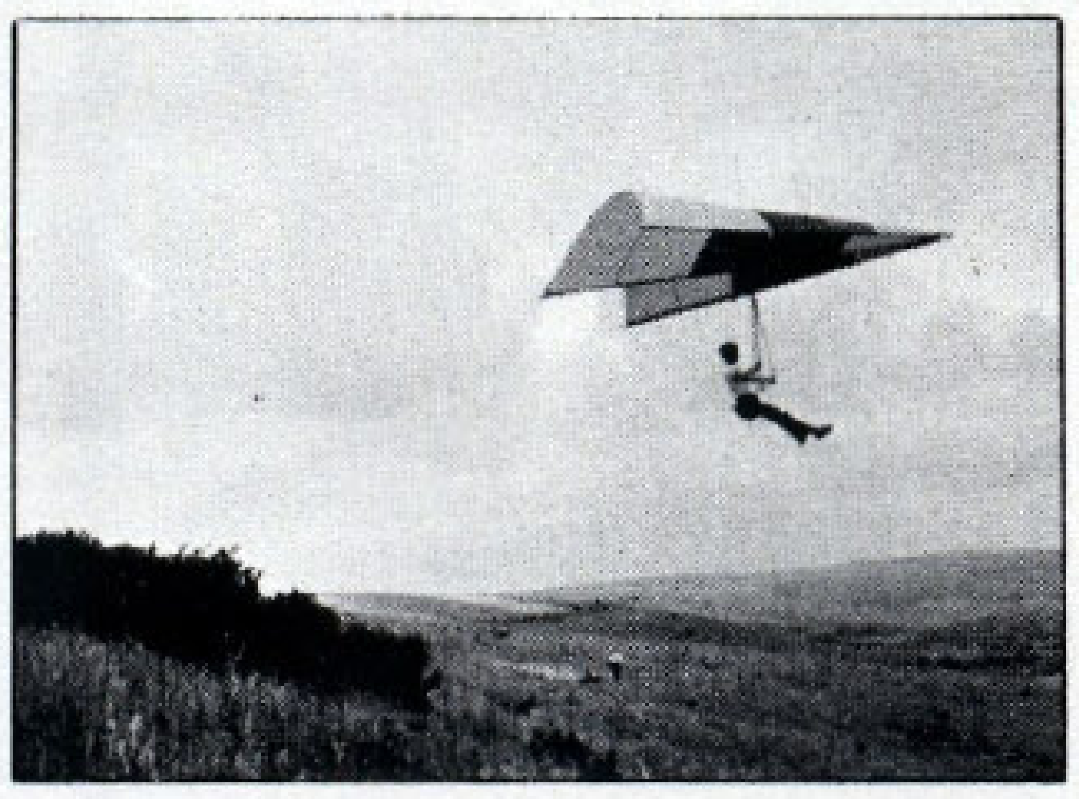

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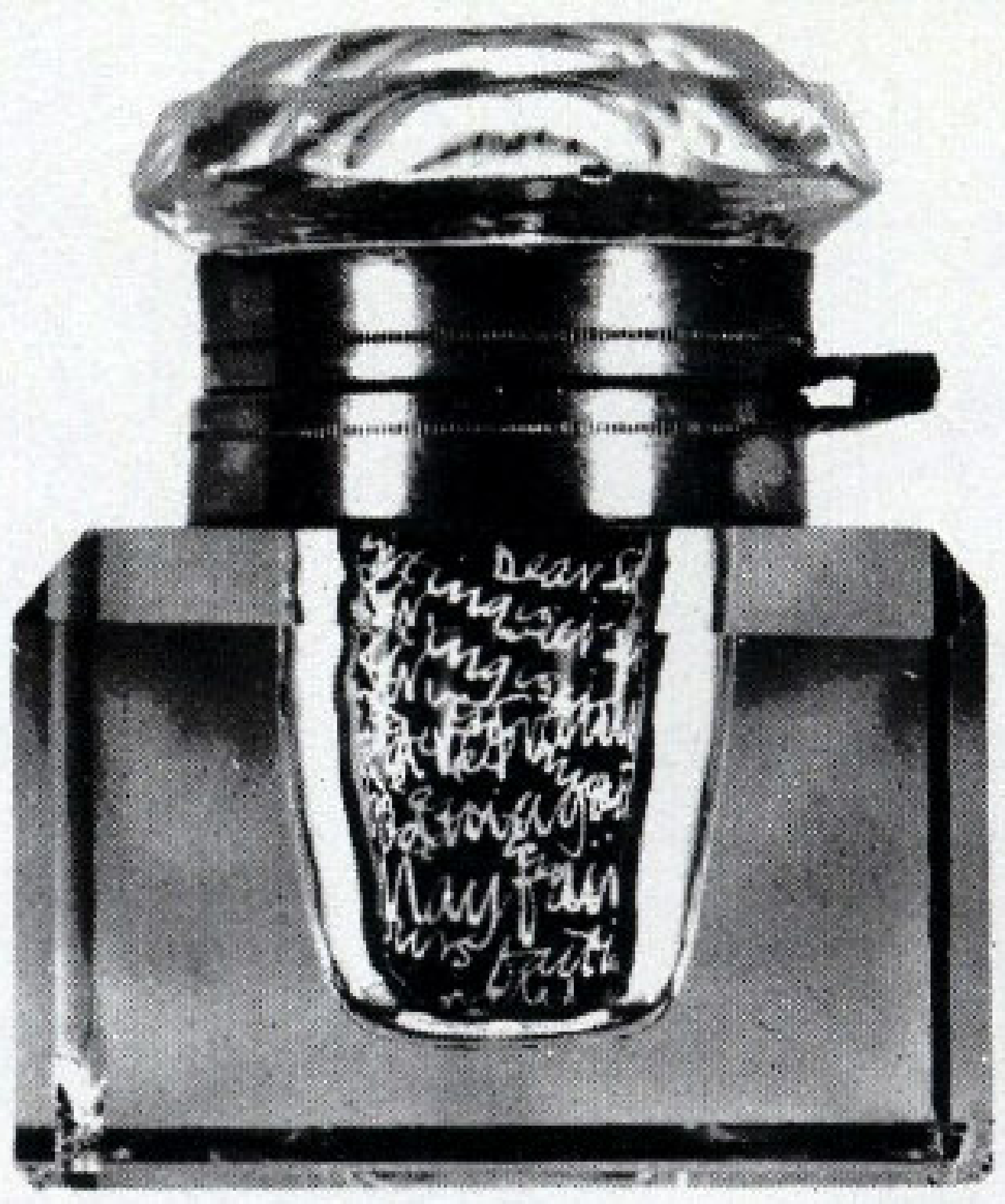
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Following the letter about amusing graffiti on contraceptive machines in Vol. 9 No. 8, my local pub has a machine adorned with a witticism that surely deserves mention. Neatly printed on the front of the machine is the description: 'Head gaskets for hot-rods'.
E.A., London S.W.7

I must say how much I enjoyed your feature on drag racing which appeared in Vol. 9 No. 7.

I often visit the Santa Pod racetrack, and for me, the feature perfectly captured the atmosphere and excitement which are always in evidence at a meeting there. As you have covered drag racing, might I now make a plea on behalf of thousands of fellow-enthusiasts for a similar article on the colourful world of custom cars. These vehicles, many of them hand-built, take part in shows all over America and are steadily gaining in popularity in this country too. The custom car field features many weird and wonderful designs, and I am sure that it would be of great interest to readers of your magazine.
P. Young, Daventry

You've convinced us, Mr Young. Custom cars will soon be appearing in Mayfair.

The pleasures of troilism have not been described in your columns for a long time: I have an experience to relate that should fill this gap in your correspondence.

To begin with I had no desire to try troilism and what brought about my first experience was, in fact, an attempt I made to stop a friend of mine making advances towards my wife. As he was – and still is – a good friend, my wife and I agreed to give him a lesson in self-restraint in a way that we hoped would not offend him too much.

We asked him round for drinks one evening. This invitation would have been no surprise to him but when he had arrived and my wife came into the living room his ideas must have changed very rapidly. This was because my wife was wearing only a pair of semi-see-through lounging pyjamas.

Our friend was obviously taken aback and for a while he was unusually at a loss for words. I had deliberately left the central heating full on and this combined with the drinks and my wife's very provocative appearance soon had our friend in a rather warm and uncomfortable state. My wife and I were completely casual and acted as if it was just an ordinary evening until after about an hour she said that she felt too warm and calmly lifted the top of her pyjamas over her head and discarded them, leaving herself completely naked from the waist up.

Needless to say, our friend went very red and tried to look in any other direction than my wife's.

By this time my resolve to remain calm and aloof through the evening as planned was fast weakening but I was still determined that our friend should learn his lesson. A little later my wife got up to mix more drinks and of course our friend had no alternative but to look at her and his discomfort was very obvious. Finally, my wife peeled off her trousers before she returned to her seat and the atmosphere became electric. After a few minutes of watching her sitting in that chair stark naked my resolve vanished – 'the biter was bitten' you might say.

I stripped in very quick time and went over to my wife. I kissed and fondled her with all thoughts of other persons obliterated from my mind. But

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LETTERS

continued from page 8

our friend, I soon discovered, had also stripped and very soon he was nude and adding his hands and lips to those of mine which were already exciting my wife. The three of us were soon launched into a wild orgy.

An evening never to be forgotten. I have never seen my wife so aroused, and I certainly never have had so many orgasms in just a couple of hours.

Believe me (and my wife), the pleasures of troilism are something that has to be experienced to be believed, even though this, our first foray, was unintentional.

(*Name and address withheld*)

My wife and I have always had long arguments about pornography. Before I met her I used to boast a large collection of quite mild magazines which I enjoyed a lot, but which my wife decried. Until, that is, an extraordinary occurrence at a party we went to recently.

It was a loud, boozy affair which went on into the early hours. Both Sue and I had quite a bit to drink and by about half past three everyone was slumped about, either too much the worse for wear or snogging. I'd been talking to my friend and found Sue curled on some cushions in a spare reception room. She seemed to be fast asleep so I lay down beside her and thought about getting some sleep as well.

The room was only lit from the hallway outside and littered with coats piled on the furniture and in the corners. I thought Sue and I were alone, but I'd hardly closed my eyes when I heard a movement on the opposite side of the room. Opening my eyes I made out a couple sprawled, like us, on the floor. Either they had been asleep before or snogging so intently they hadn't noticed us, but they certainly weren't bothered now. They began to roll about and by the sound of heavy breathing it seemed as if everything was about to happen. Before I could move or say anything the girl suddenly sat up with her back to me. There was a muted rustling, a flurry of material and the light from the door picked out the most exquisite naked bottom, a bare back and hair flowing down it. I was fascinated. I was too embarrassed to call out or leave; I couldn't leave Sue and quite honestly the sight of the girl, who was obviously completely nude was beginning to turn me on. With a sigh the girl subsided back onto the floor and the fellow, bare-chested by now, moved across onto her. In a few seconds all I could hear was her moaning.

Then I felt something across my lap and looking down saw Sue wide awake and staring across the room. I went to touch her arm, motioning her to be quiet but instead she grabbed my arm first. Drawing it down I felt bare flesh. She had unbuttoned the front of her blouse and by the long, wide-eyed stare I could see in the half light was desperate for some action herself. She began pawing at my shirt and in a moment we had stripped off ourselves.

It was the weirdest, most erotic experience I have ever had. Across the room the girl had straddled her boyfriend. It was quite obvious what she was doing to him. I didn't know whether to look at Sue writhing under me or the nude girl, who had quite astonishing breasts, plunging up and down on her boyfriend. Both girls climaxed simultaneously, Sue crying out. As I lay beside her I glimpsed the girl across the room slumped across her boyfriend. She opened an eye and grinned.

Since then Sue's attitude to porn has changed completely. She's suggested I buy some more of my old magazines, and has even hinted that couples we know might share our interest.

C.T., Plymouth

I worship women's feet and I am certain that many others among your readers share the pleasure that this gives me. The most exciting experience

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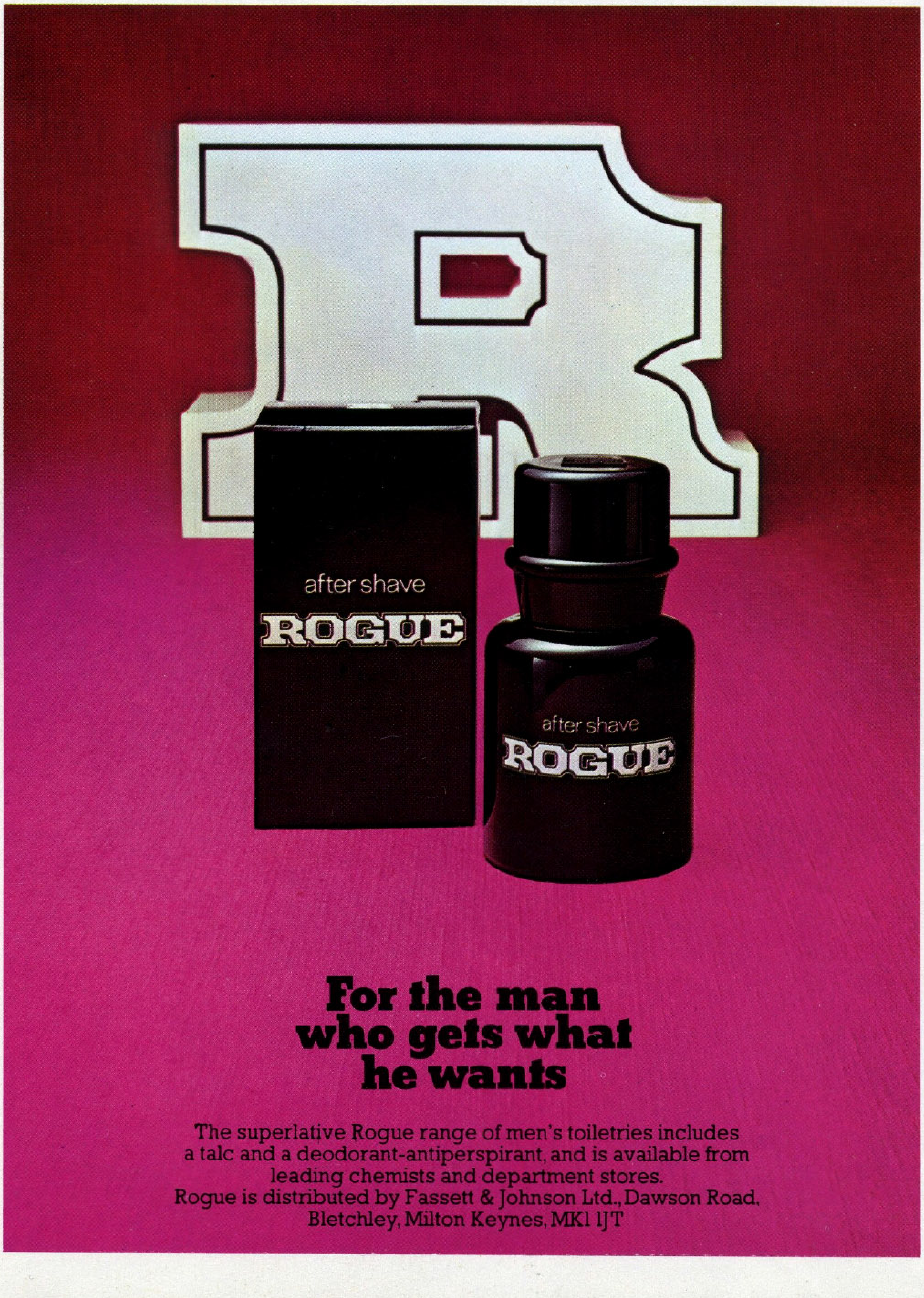

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HANDS LIKE PALE-WINGED BUTTERFLIES

Lovemaking with Stella sent him wild, but she seemed to need something more

Fiction by D. D. Tetlow

I'm slow on the uptake. Not stupid, but just slow to see the truth of a situation. Maybe it's because I've never appreciated that it isn't what people say which is important, but why they say it. Consequently, I'm usually one or two steps behind whatever is going on and, believe me, it's a personality defect that can have the most unfortunate results.

Take what happened when I was about 14 and staying with my Aunt. Admittedly, I was young, but gooseberry bushes and storks were behind me, and I'd had my first taste of Portnoy's Complaint brought on by a sweet young thing whose knickers were blue and cost sixpence to be removed. I found out about that when she raised the price to half a crown, a sum utterly beyond my means.

My Aunt was my mother's younger sister. She lived in Rhyl and did bed and breakfast

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ILLUSTRATION BY JUERGEN ROCKER

Taking things down at the office

Who makes the ideal secretary? It's naughty Edward Knox by that sound of giggles and ripping knicker elastic

Illustrations by Ronald Cobb

All right, you can stop smirking into your breakfast cereal – I've tumbled to you lot out there.

Before you lurch out from behind your desks, festooned in cigarette ends, lipstick smears and your secretary's gauzy underthings muttering, 'Cripes, Knox is blowing the gaff,' let me tell you now I've seen you lot banging away at your desks and it's not a pretty sight.

'What,' you wonder idly, holstering your new leakprufe biro, 'is Knox driving at?'

'Never mind that,' I reply. 'I can jolly well see what you're driving at and I don't mean the little square holes in your out-tray and not with your biro either.

'Ah, my quill,' you ripost, zipping yourself up behind the filing cabinets while your secretary quivers half naked beneath your desk. 'It's a prized family heirloom. Agatha was merely preening it for me.'

'I suppose you think you're on to a good thing,' I reply.

'I damn well was,' you come back quick as a flash, 'until you shoved your ugly face in the window and frightened me right off her.'

'By jove you lot, you really are into a good thing,' I sally, as your secretary shows herself for the first time. 'Why?' I muse, regarding her fine quivering buttocks as she crawls out from under the desk, 'isn't Knox into it too?'

'Shove off, Knox,' you ripost. 'You weren't invited. She's an ideal secretary and she's staying that way.'

'If she stays that way for much longer,' I reply, fondly eyeing her little round bum as she jiggles about in the wastepaper bin looking for her panties which unknown to yourself you are still debonairely wearing on your head, 'I shall be sorely tempted to walk vertically through your double glazing and try out a few ideals of my own.'

Which reminds me. I once had the ideal secretary. I had her twice across the desk and once halfway out of the window.

It came to me as I was wading through a three feet deep pile of undisguised begging letters from various landlords who were collectively labouring under the demented impression there was some trifling matter of unpaid and overdue rents to be cleared up before I got clean away to South America. Unfortunately the thrill of correspondence began to grow a shade tedious not to mention libellous, and so it was Knox embarked with shaking finger and thrumming pulse on the quest to find a secretary. It all sounds rather desperate and exciting. In actual fact I telephoned an agency.

Quicker than it takes to ski down Chancery Lane in carpet slippers on a foggy night, there was a queue of eager young ladies at my door. They arrived thick and fast, mostly thick. Some were fast, but only with the speed in which they cleared my desk at a single bound and sprinted for the door.

Felicity was different. So I suggested we return to my flat and get through a backlog of work.

Unfortunately I had chosen a bad night. My landlord had

the bailiffs in, a pair of solid swarthy types who were moving my furniture out. Even as Felicity and I arrived in my front room, they were making off with my writing desk.

'Quick Felicity,' I ordered, rapidly grasping both the situation and the hem of her skirt 'bend over.'

'Really, Mr Knox,' she retorted, 'this is hardly the time for fun and games.'

I wasted no time. 'Felicity,' I cried, bending her quickly over a chair and lifting her skirt to her waist to place my typewriter reverently on her soft and willing cheeks. 'They have taken my writing desk. I must write to my landlord immediately before they come back for the bed.' 'Oh, Mr Knox ,'she moaned a moment later in a voice that sounded like a cross between heartburn and desire, 'I never realised you were such a powerful touch-typist.'

'Ah, Felicity,' I replied, disentangling the twiddly bit on the typewriter carriage from the elastic of her little white knickers as it jerked them rapidly right off, 'your bottom is just like a writing desk.'

'How on earth,' she asked with a slight tremor, 'is my bottom like a writing desk?'

I thought for a moment. In fact I took out a cigarette, lit up, and parked it behind her left ear. 'Because you've got loose drawers?' I hazarded.

I had spoken too hazardously. Felicity sprang upright so brusquely she jack-knifed me halfway across the room.

In future, I resolved, I would confine such activities to the office. My next attempt to enrol a secretary was Sally.

Sally was something of an enigma. Unfortunately she didn't seem to like the way I tried to play my variations on her. As you well know, I have long been a keen supporter of the female bosom. In fact nothing gives me greater delight than to while away a few lazy hours supporting a bosom or two in my hand and Sally had the sort of bosom that immediately rendered all other forms of support obsolete.

Fondly I imagined setting up office, neither below them, beside them or above them, but between them. In fact the moment I saw her I typed out a quick memo to have blotting-paper sellotaped to her bra so that whenever she bent over my shoulder to examine my work she could dry the ink with a shrug of her shoulders. 'Oh, Mr Knox, what are you doing?' she breathed, as I walked around her, running my eye and my tape measure over her undulating landscape. 'I'm sizing up the possibilities,' I cried, 'of fitting you out with a desk.'

'You don't need a tape meaure for that, surely, Mr Knox?' And I discovered to my delight she was right. So I slung the thing in the waste bin and used my hands instead. 'I want your desk to be a perfect, fit' I murmured seductively in her ear, insinuating myself between her breasts, 'and as I seem to have some time in hand before . . .'

'I think you'll find you have something more substantial than time in your hand, Mr Knox,' she corrected me. 'That happens to be my breast. Please remove your hand immediately.'

'It is my affirmed policy,' I cried, 'to take my secretaries in hand from the very start.'

'You're the one who needs taking in hand,' she riposted. 'I can see it from here.'

'Yes please,' I cried. 'But come behind my desk and we can work this thing out together.'

'If I'm not mistaken, Mr Knox,' she replied coolly, 'the thing you're referring to has worked itself out already. Your flies are undone.'

I was unabashed. 'You can still come behind my desk and admire my work,' I said. 'I think it's quite artistic.'

'As far as I can see, Mr Knox, it's certainly no oil painting,' she replied, frowning at my flies. Obviously the thing fascinated her.

'Certainly it is,' I riposted. 'It's an old master.'

'Ha,' she said walking out.

Two days later I tried Maureen. After the previous débâcles I was firmly resolved to take a more subtle approach. Maureen had the finest pair of legs in the building and like the Windmill, it was rumoured, they rarely closed. Unfortunately there was a snag – there was a modesty board in the way. It had to go.

'Hello, Mr Knox,' she simpered as I crawled beneath her desk, trying very hard to impersonate a flexible and rather dubious stain on the office carpet 'what are you doing under my desk?'

'It's my job,' I croaked, reeling

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SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I am in the process of leaving my girl friend but because she 'lost her virginity' to me she feels that I owe her something. Do I? S.M., Slough.

Some girls do become emotionally dependent on the person to whom they originally lose their virginity, but nowadays that would be seen as a very old-fashioned outlook and the aim of the modern girl seems to be to lose that appellation as soon as possible. Nevertheless, many girls may become extremely neurotic over this, especially in circumstances such as yours, and you should try and divert her attention to another person who would be so interesting that she would lose her idea of being a 'wronged woman'. But beware of a pitfall here. However anxious you may be to end your relationship, do not make the mistake of suggesting another man, or even of contriving an introduction. Tell another man that she is 'available' and allow him to make all the advances. Do not tell *her* to do the looking: if she feels that you owe her something, this sort of treatment will only increase her conviction.

I wish to be circumcised and would like to know if there are any advantages or disadvantages in having this done as far as my sex life is concerned. A.D., Hounslow.

Circumcision is normally performed either on religious grounds or because of pain in passing water as a child or infection in the folds of the foreskin in later life. There is no particular case for or against the operation. Many who are circumcised maintain that the penis is cleaner and that the exposed glans and penial ridge are more sensitive. Many women find that the sight of a circumcised penis is more stimulating and that the unobstructed head gives far more sensation when sliding inside them during penial thrusting. Also, many women find that in oral sex the ability to make immediate contact with the head and shaft is preferable.

Conversely, those uncircumcised maintain that they get far more sensation as the foreskin slides back and forth over the head while some women prefer the 'natural' organ to one which has been, in a way, modified. But the question of sensation is purely subjective and about the only way it could be determined would be for someone who has a full sex life and has been able to analyse and classify his feelings to then have himself circumcised and, in due course, to repeat his sexual experiences with the same partners as before and see how the sensations compare. The only snag is that should this be less there would be nothing he could do about it.

I am 17 years old and still at school. I have heard stories from other boys about having sex with older women and although I don't believe them I have often heard that older women do have a tendency to go after teenage boys. Is there any truth in this? J. S., Hull.

Assuming that 'older' women includes anyone over 25 the answer is yes, there is truth in it. And when it does happen with a woman who is reasonably sensitive and not merely using the boy to satisfy her physical needs, then he will be introduced to the joys and delights of sex in a rational manner, far different from the usual fumblings and strugglings of two young people, both sexually inexperienced, who have all of the urges and none of the experience or technique. Personally I would like to see all young men start their sexual experience with an older woman who could teach them how to go about the act. Were this so, I am sure that many frustrated marriages could be avoided. On the other hand don't think you are abnormal if you do not seem to attract older women. We are talking still of rare instances.

My wife and I have always enjoyed 'straight' pornography together but now I have discovered that my wife has been collecting pornography depicting sex between people and animals. This would not normally worry me greatly but she has been pressing me for months to buy a dog and has recently taken up horse riding— having showed no interest at all in it until a couple of months ago. The last straw is that I found out quite accidentally from a neighbour that my wife had been looking after his dog while he'd been away. I am horrified by this but is there anything I can do? B.A., Hants.

Let me say first that bestiality is a crime: even in this permissive society in which almost anything goes. History reveals many incidents of bestiality – usually when women were forced into it, such as among the ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians and Minoans.

While public opinion on bestiality must be fickle these days, the law is definite: the maximum penalty is life imprisonment. Remembering this and the scandal that would inevitably arise you would do well to dissuade your wife from going any further.

But while you may well be aware of this already, are you quite certain that the inclinations of which you suspect your wife are not, at least in part, due to your own shortcomings? It could well be that your wife is missing the 'ferocious' element in lovemaking that many women need. Before you allow your suspicions to go any further, you should introduce a note of ferocity into your sex-life. If your relationship with your wife is one in which you are the aggressor, ensure that you build on that.

The interest that your wife is showing in animals seems to be quite overt: has it occurred to you that she is making some subtle hints in your direction?

Dr Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

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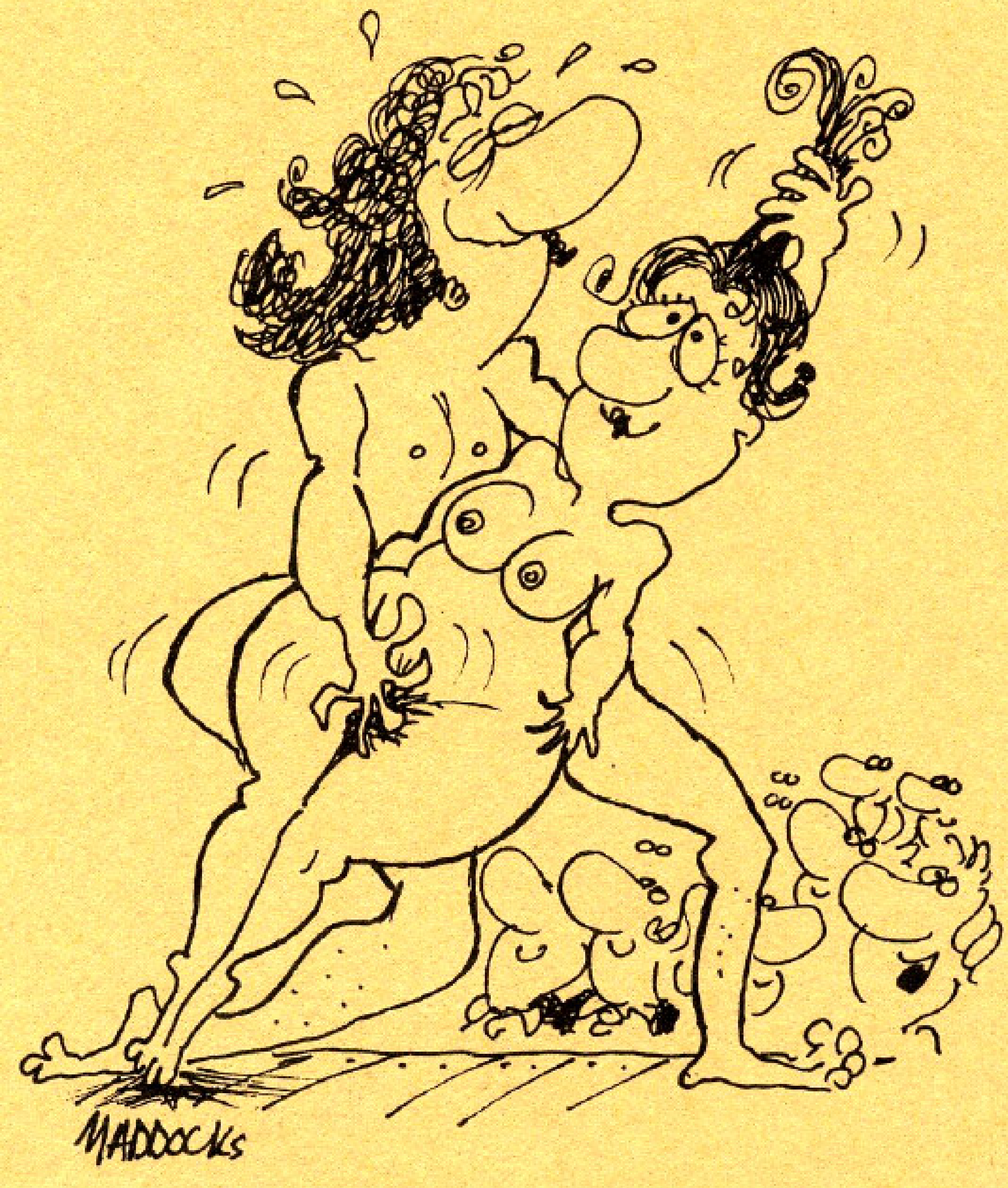
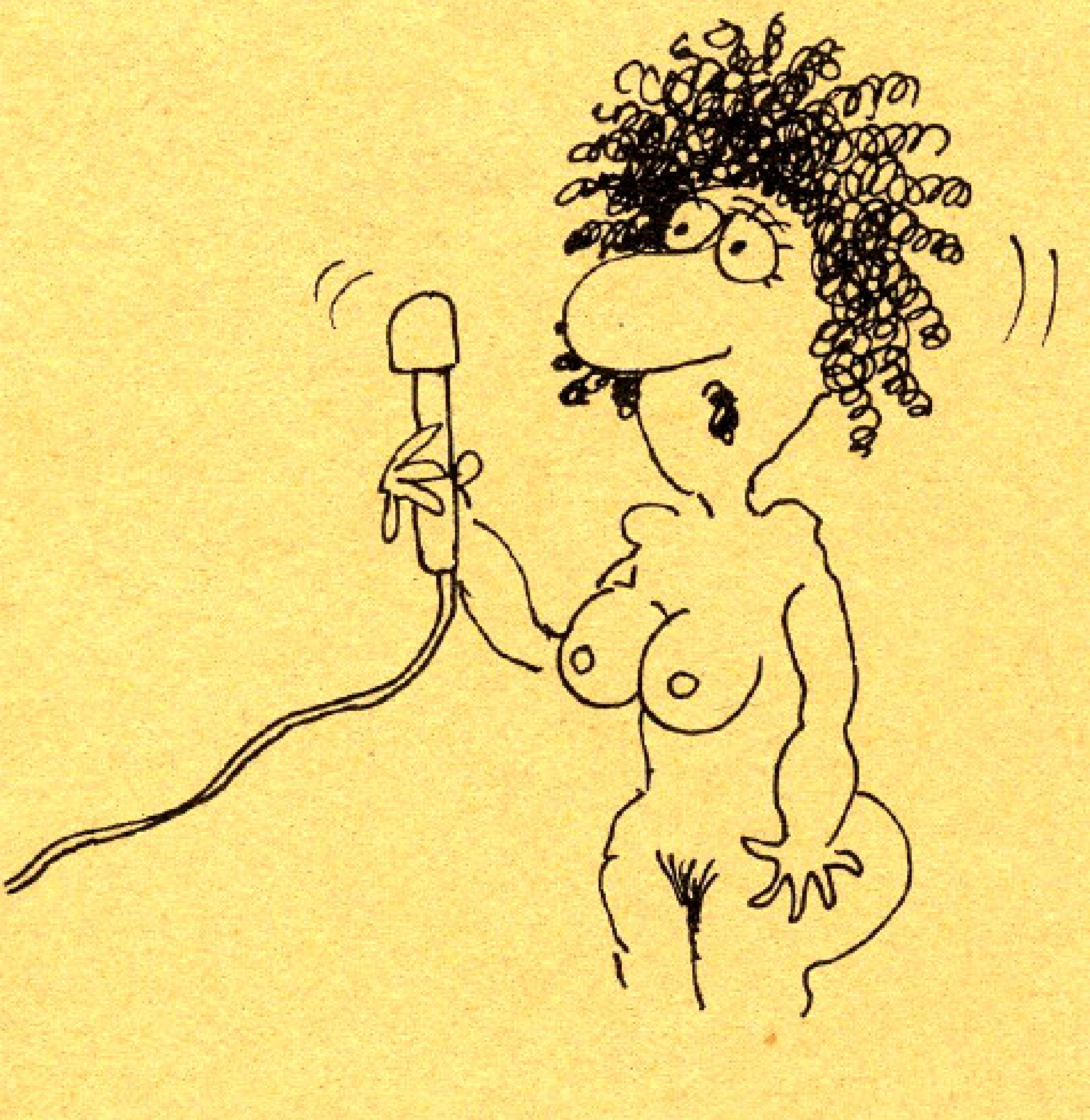
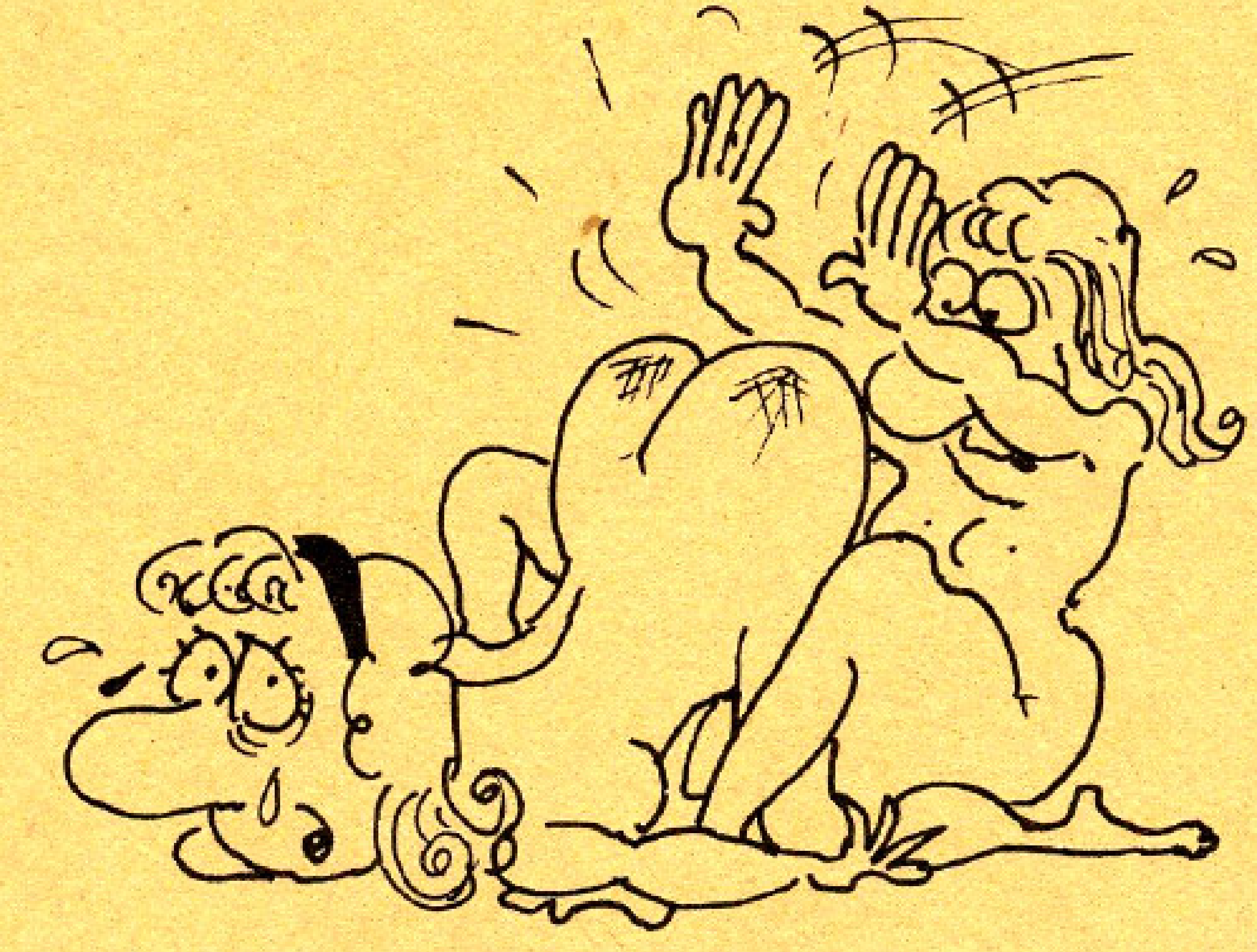
THE BAND STAND



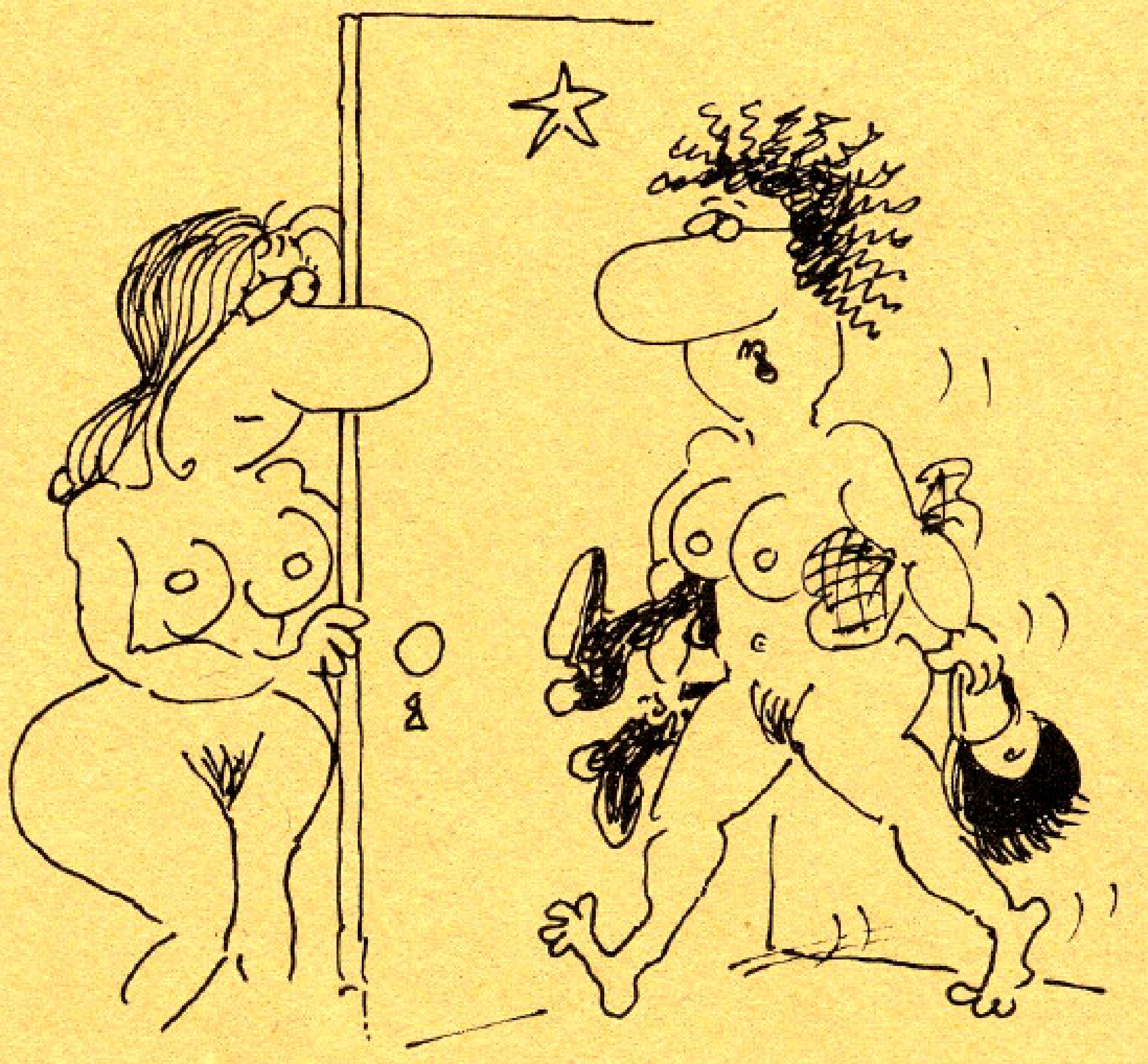
'Now there's an educated right hand!'



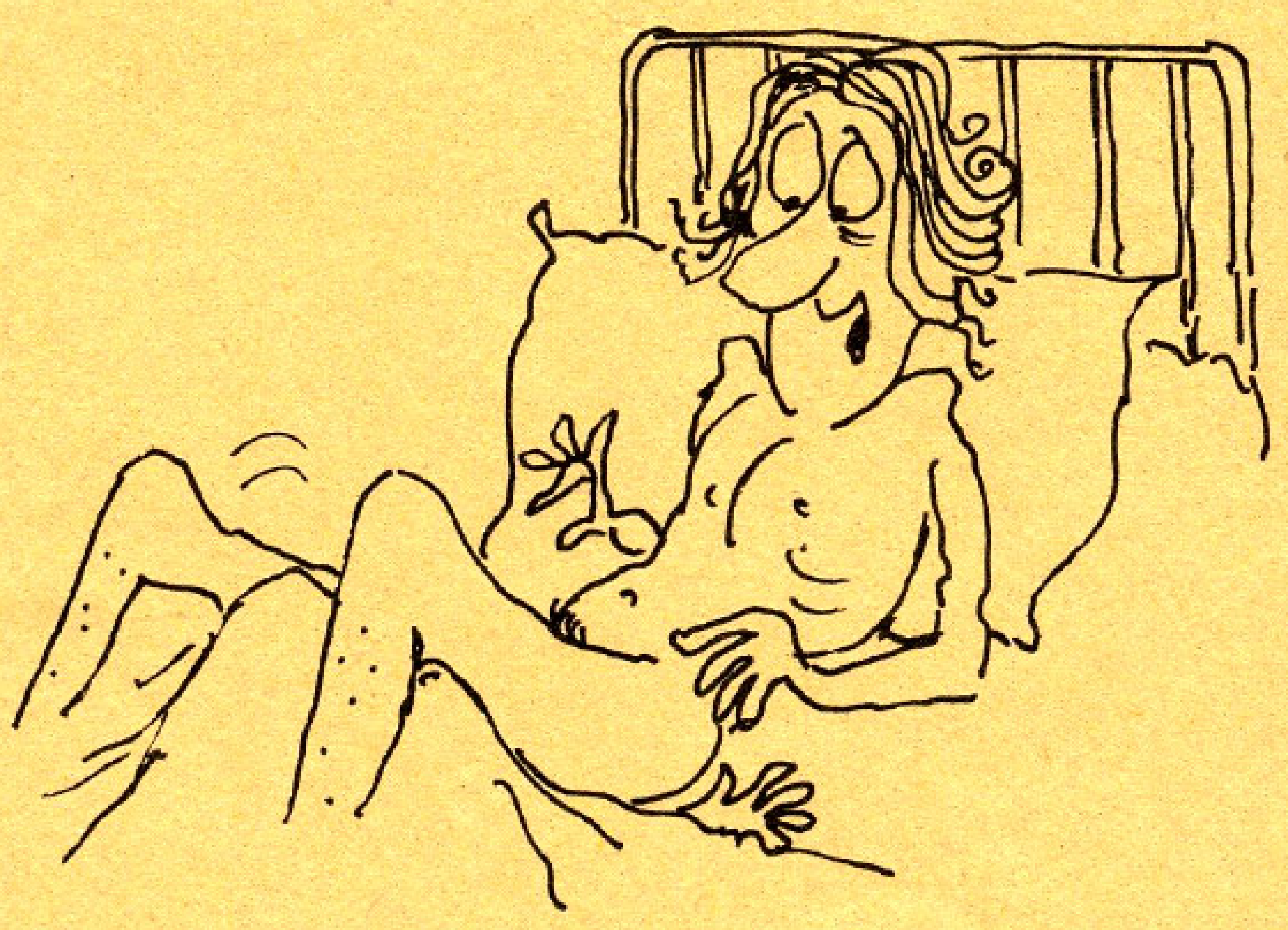
'I did – I honestly thought it was a microphone!'



'Trust me to fall for the drummer.'

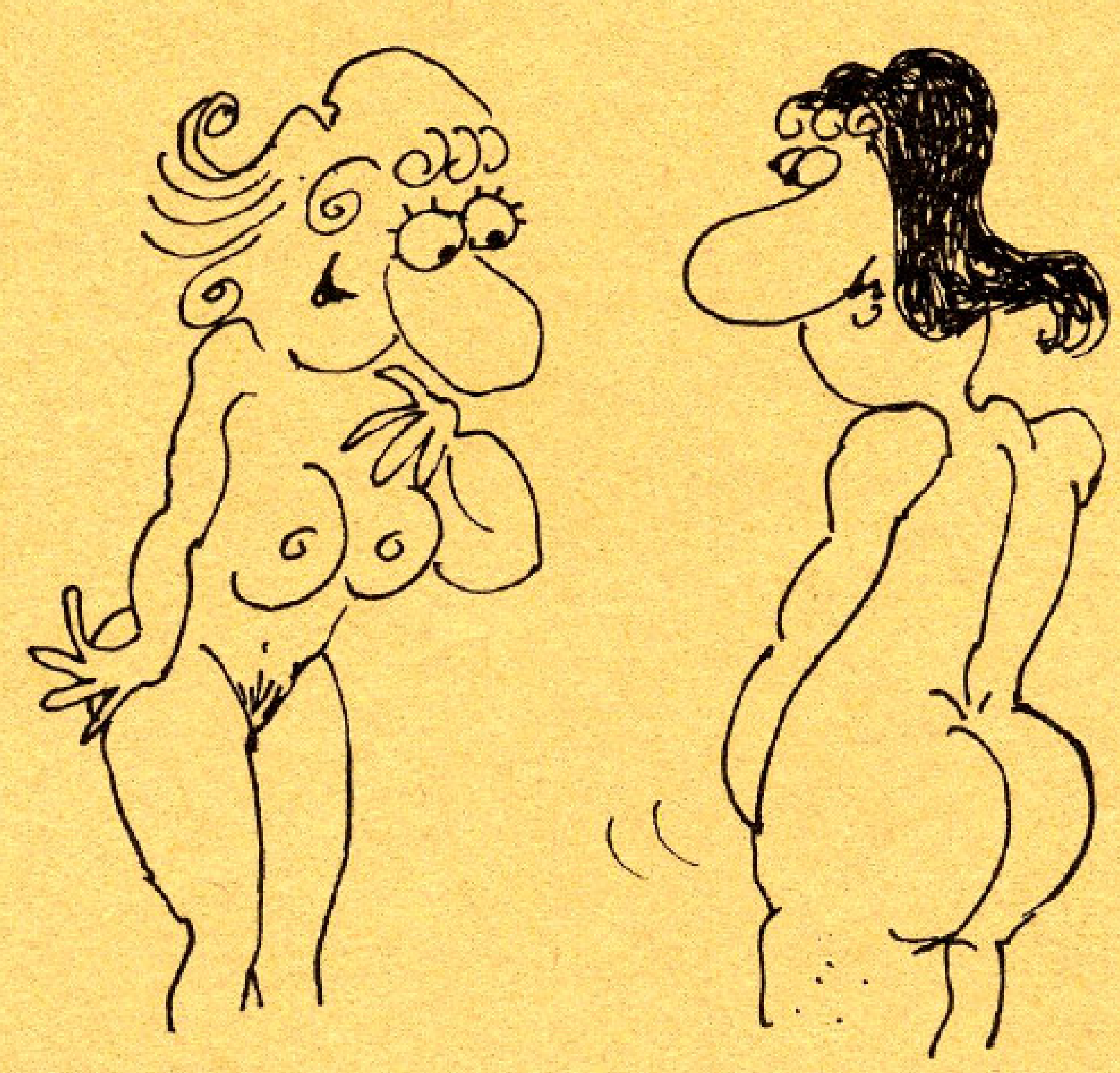


'Don't waste your time, luv – his equipment's faulty.'

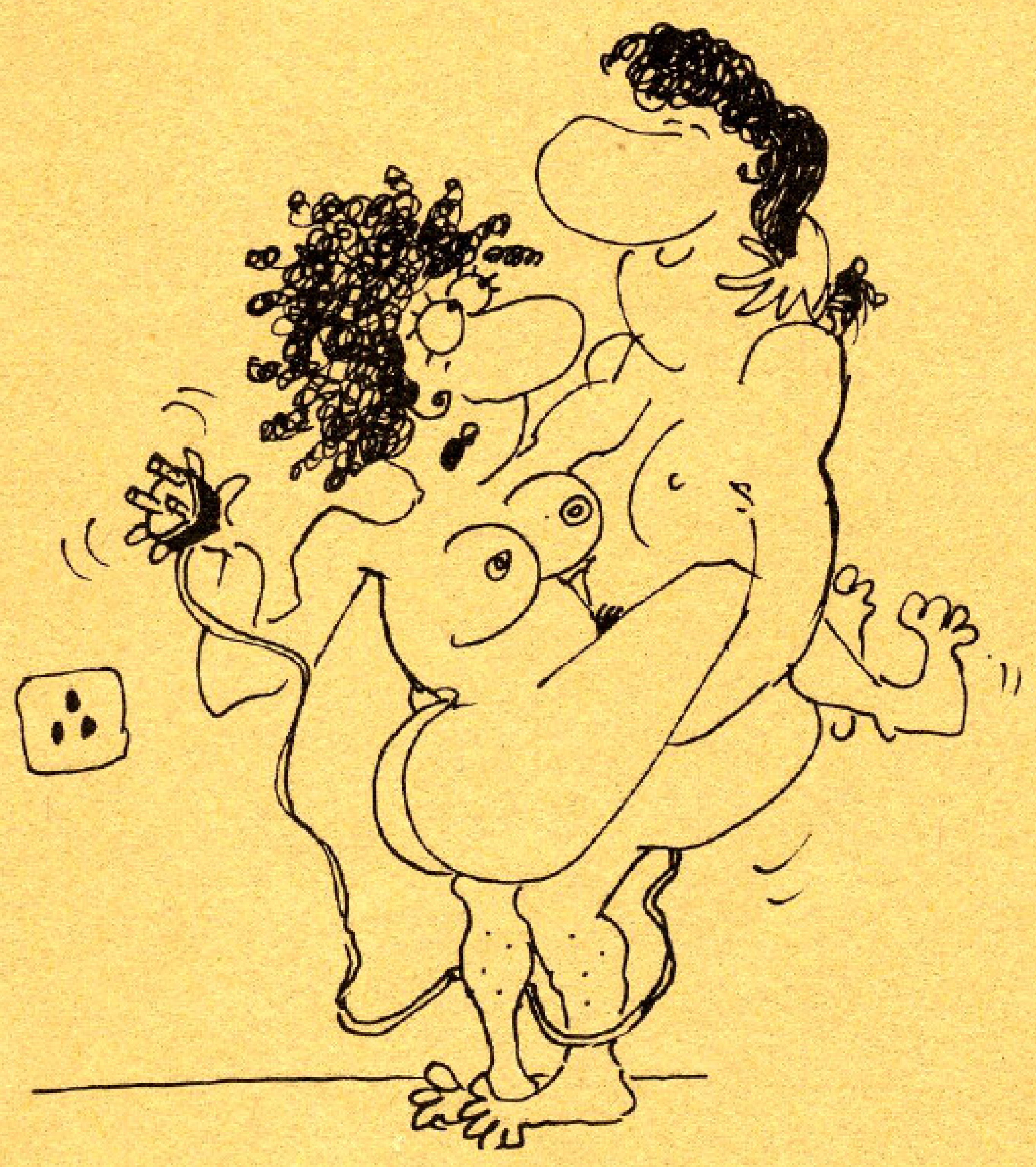


' I can't believe you never played sax for Ivy Benson.'

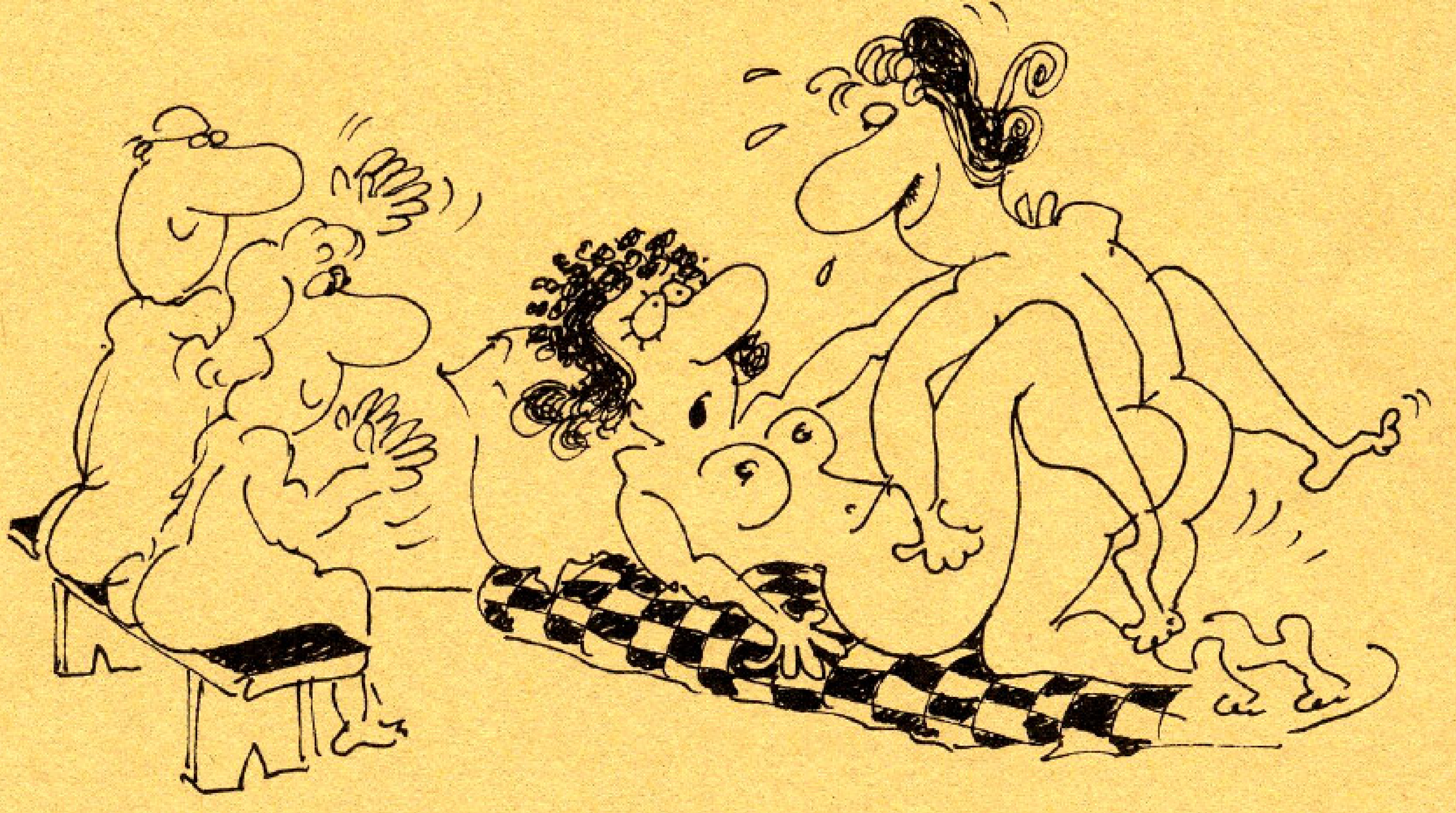
Groupies have raised musical appreciation to new heights of enjoyment. Maddocks shows how



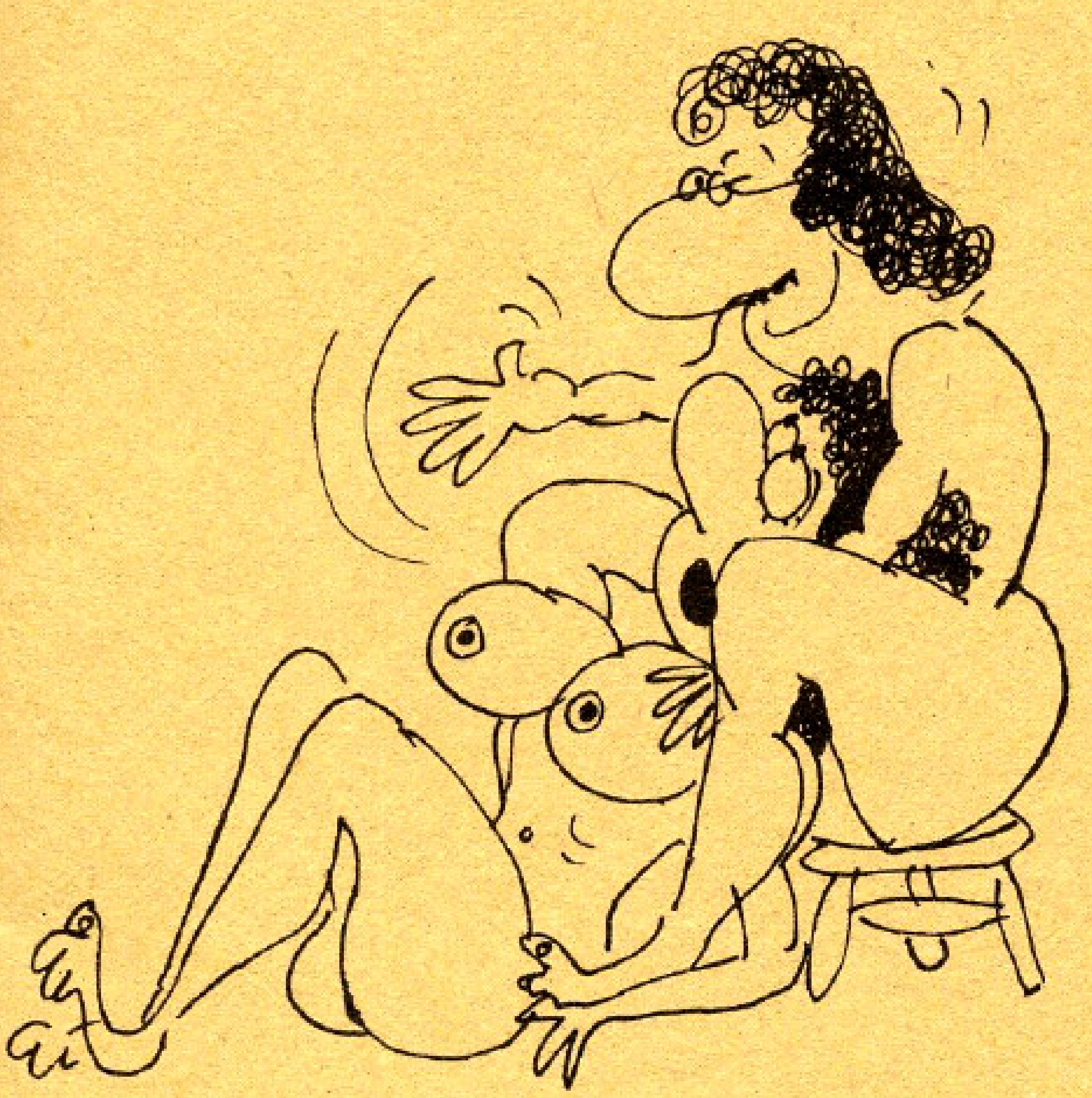
'Really? I always thought you rattled balls on a stick for a samba!'



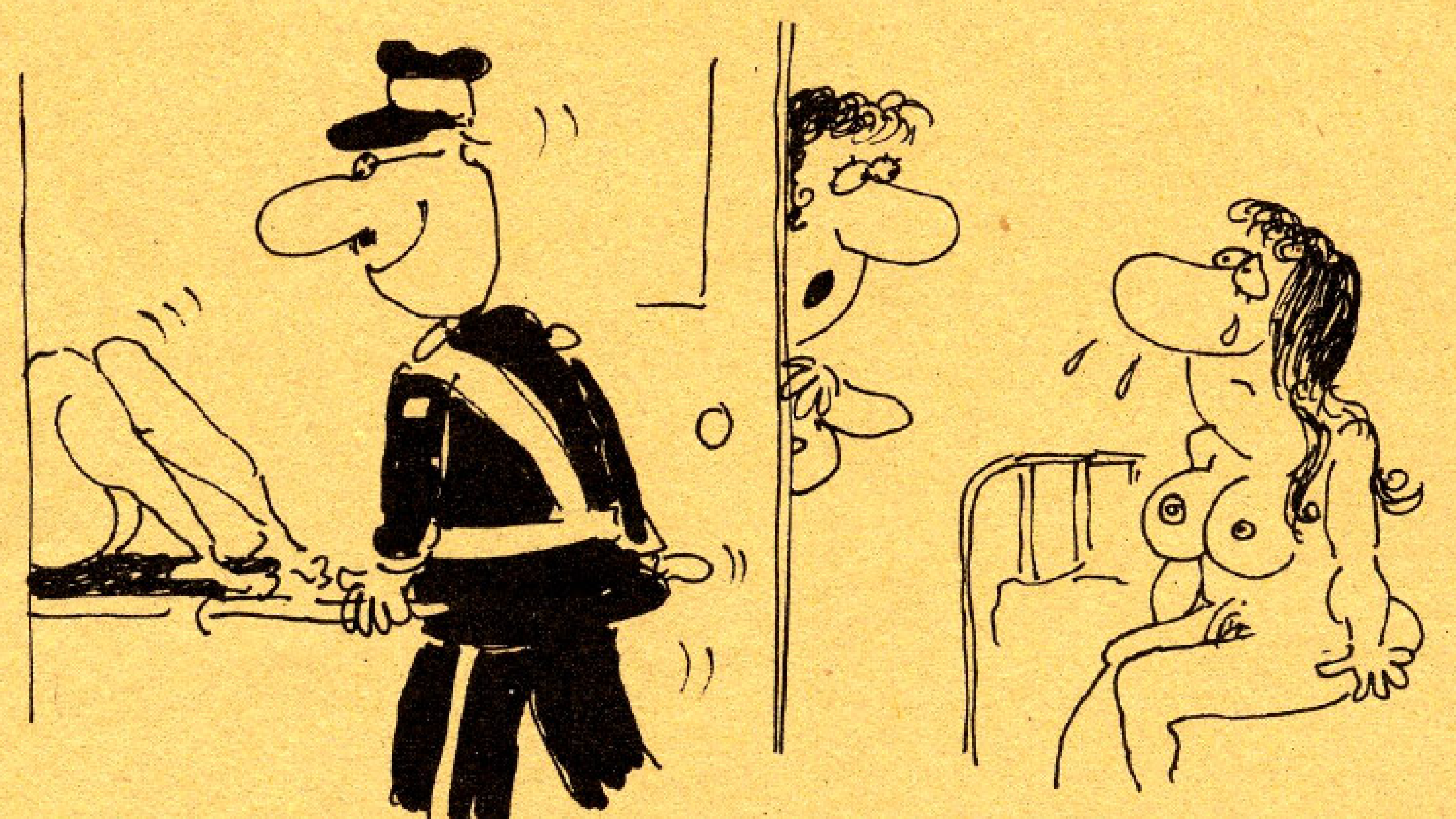
'Are you quite sure about this?'



'Do we always have to have an audience?'



'Can't we forget the bongos just for one night?'



'You mean you actually blew it like a trumpet?'

LET US POINT OUT...

Penny Irving (above), centregirl of Vol. 7 No. 12 is the nude centre piece of Mayfair's five issue bargain deal. Just £1.55 buys you Vol. 6 No. 7, Vol. 7 Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 12.

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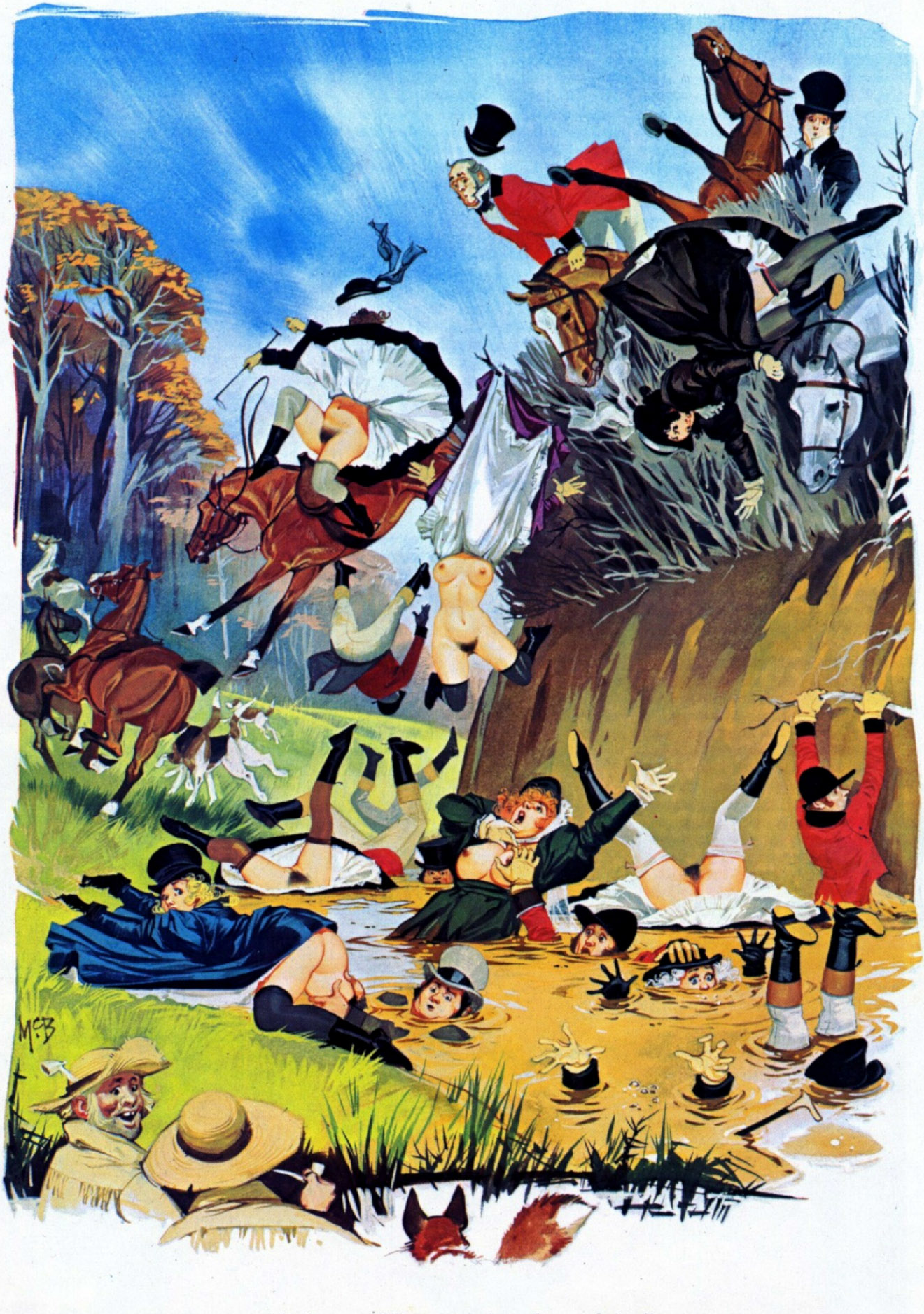
VILMA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS CURZON

Garlic, snails and frogs legs are tastes that you either love or loathe. For her part, 27-year-old Vilma Riley loves them together with all the rest of the exotic ingredients that go into French *haute cuisine*. In fact, food is a subject dear to Vilma's heart as her favourite way of spending an evening is to throw a dinner party for friends at her flat in London's Victoria. 'I'm not a great one for going out on the town,' says Vilma, 'and I think it's much nicer and much more relaxing to entertain in my own home. I prefer company to being alone, and that's one of the reasons that I live with my feller.' She laughs. 'And before you go getting any odd ideas, my feller is black and white and has a cold, wet nose. He's a cocker spaniel called Diamond and he is very good company.' Not many dogs can have as luscious an owner as this. Vilma was born in Hammersmith and educated at the Holland Park Comprehensive School. 'I've got no qualifications

though,' she sighs. But, as the saying goes, with a five feet eight inch, 36–24–36 figure, blonde hair and brown eyes, who needs scholastic qualifications? Not Vilma, as the men in her life will readily testify. 'I go for a man with personality,' she maintains, 'looks and age are relatively unimportant and so is money, come to that. I like a man to have a sense of fun.' The last must surely be the easiest condition to fulfil, for who could feel down with Vilma? Listen when she walks, and you'll notice there's no tantalising rustle of underwear. 'I really hate underwear,' she says, 'and I avoid wearing it whenever I can. For instance, if I'm wearing a long dress, I won't have anything on underneath. No tights, stockings, panties; absolutely nothing. It makes me feel so much more comfortable. Besides,' she adds with a twinkle in her eye, 'I'm sure that men get very turned on when they find that I don't wear any panties.'



'At this rate, Silas, we won't need a revolution!'

5,000 litres, Fräulein, and have one yourself

MODEL MADE BY ROGER SOUTHALL AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONNELLY BURNS DAVIS

Brian O'Hanlon visits Munich's *Oktoberfest*. The wildest and beeriest two weeks in the Bavarian calendar

As Vivian St. Claire Brogden and I toddled off the Boeing at Munich Airport we were confronted with a sign saying *Einfahrt*.

'Well, that's all right,' said Brogden promptly obliging. 'No need to be churlish.'

A few steps later took us past another sign. This time it read *Gasteanfahrt*. 'Of course,' he exclaimed, 'they want us to really let one rip this time. And you can have as many encores as you wish, my Lord,' said Brogden nodding to a dumbfounded airport official as he played an anal cantata.

'I think,' I said, moving out of the following wind, 'they mean something like *Entry* and *Exit*.

'Quite,' said Brogden. 'Quite.'

In the Customs Hall more *Einfahrts* and *Gasteanfahrts* everywhere.

'Right lads,' called Brogden, 'when they light up it's one-two-three, all together!'

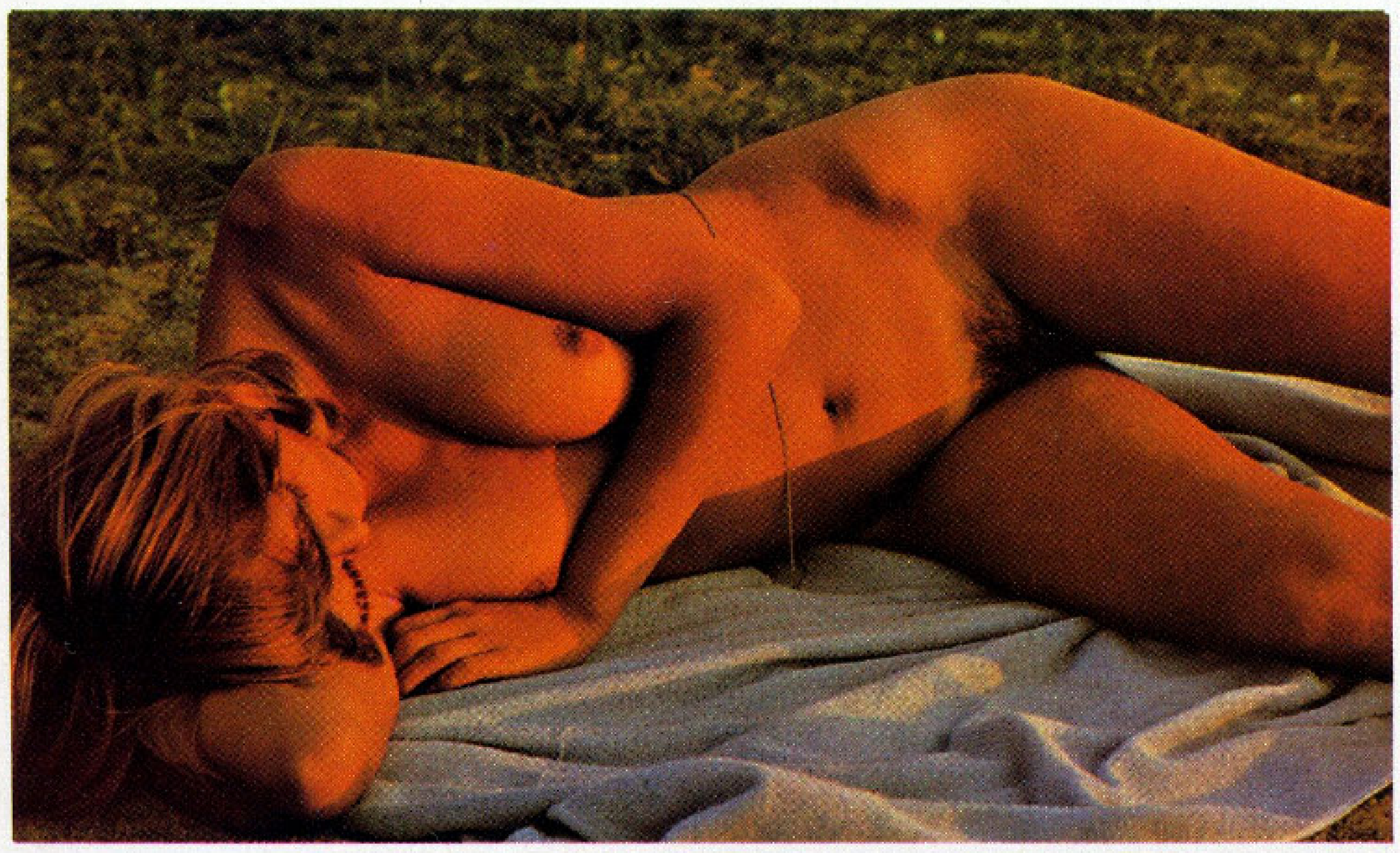
I turned to Jack Voss and the rest of the J. C. McLaughlin Officially Invited Party to the 1973 Munich *Oktoberfest* Beer Festival and shrugged my shoulders in a dismissive gesture of complete detente. In a mad moment I had invited my idiot half brother along. The mad moment happened at a thank you dinner he gave to me in *Le Caveau* the previous week to thank me for the one I had given him the week before that. *Le Caveau* is a basement French restaurant in Soho. Jacques keeps score of how many bottles of wine we consume between us in case the record is broken. The record now stands at 11 between the two of us and insofar as I am concerned it can stand or fall for ever.

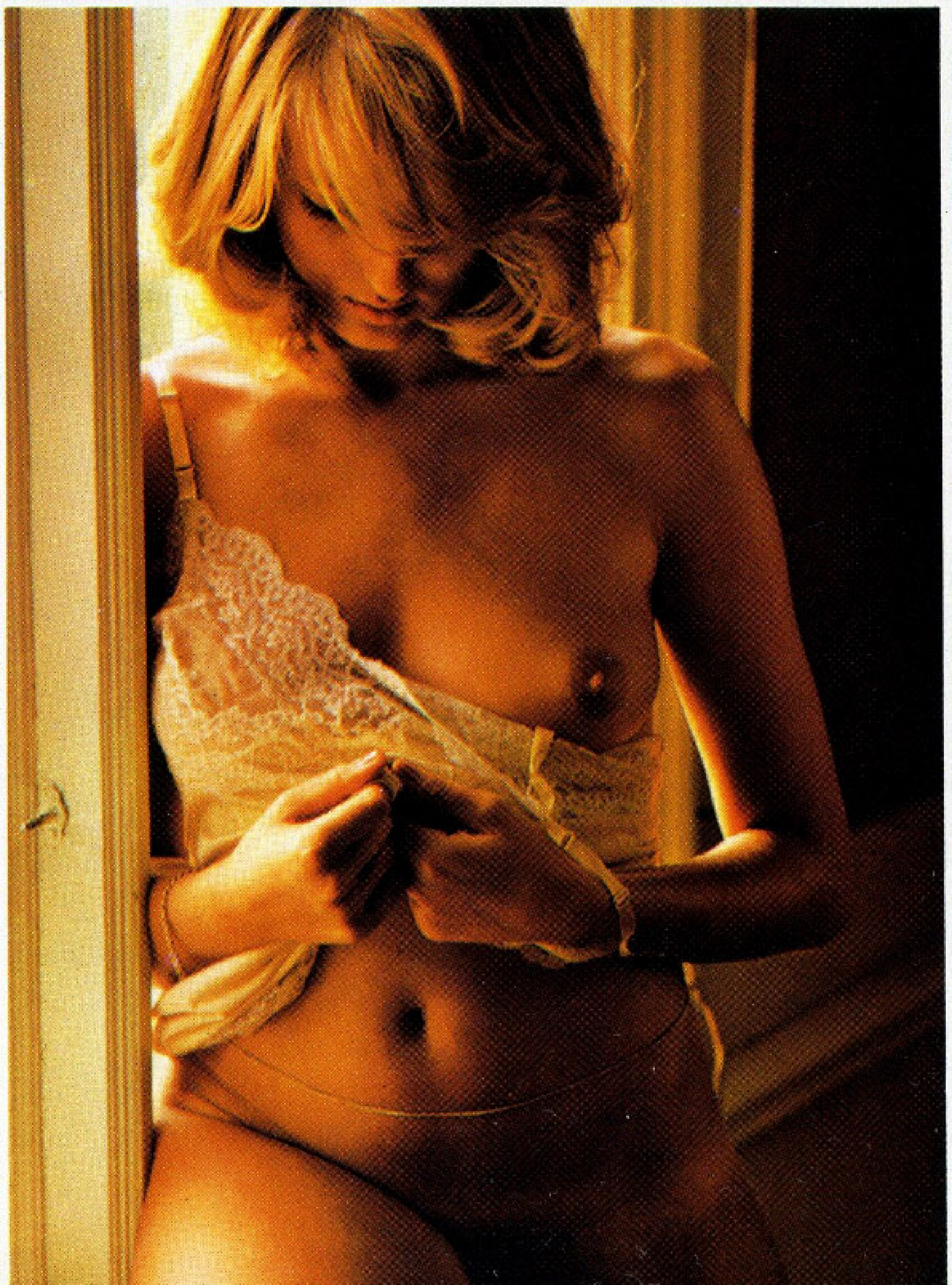
McLaughlin's are the British importers of *Lowenbrau* – pronounce it 'Low-ven-broy' – Munich's most famous beer. On the plane from London, Brogden had tried his hand at diplomacy. 'Yes,' he said to Jack, 'They don't come any better than these Kraut lagers.

turn to page 42

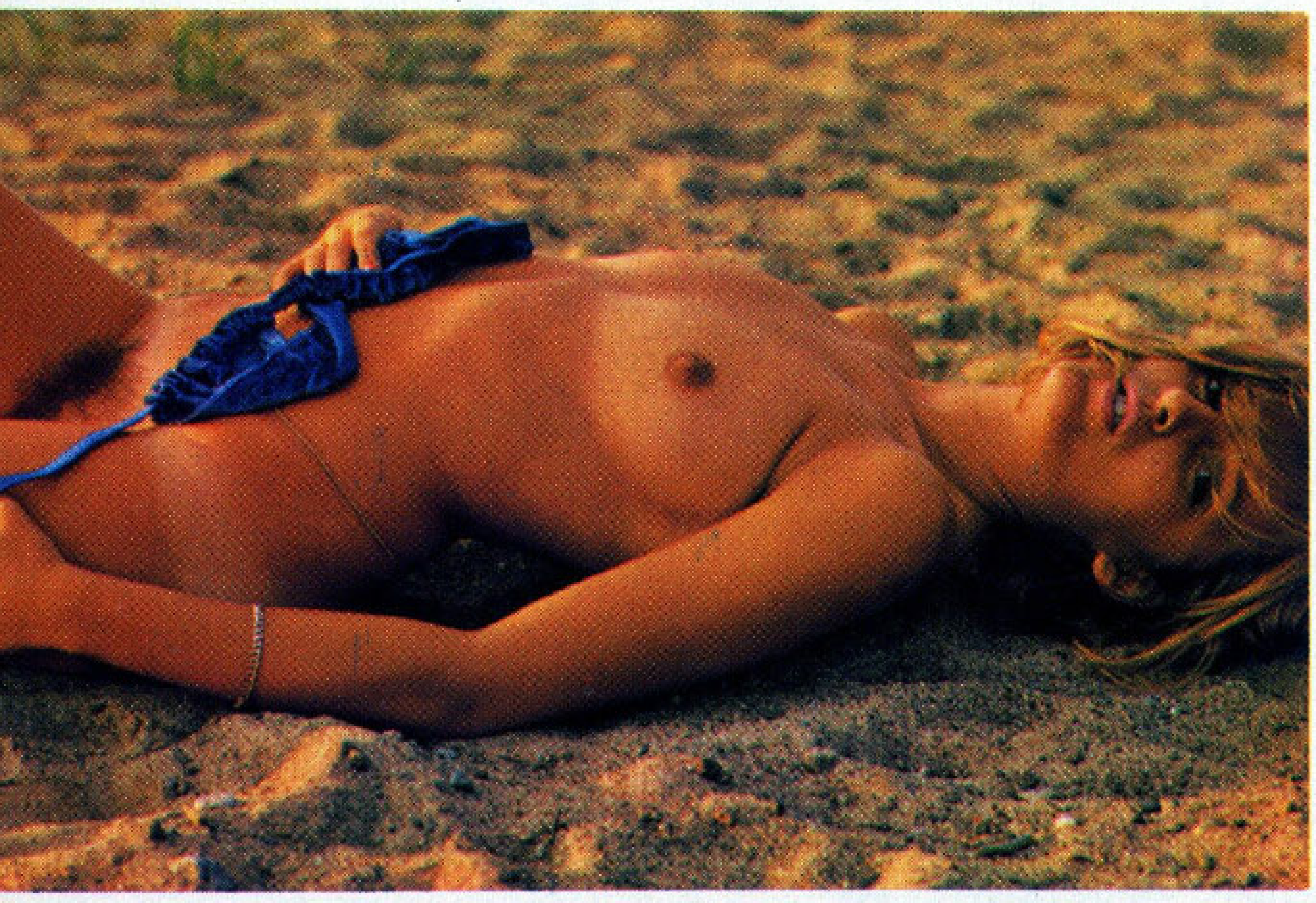
CORINNE

She's a girl who walks with her head held high. A fluid motion of long legs, the slight, but tantalising, movement of a heavy belt buckle atop alarmingly tight denim jeans and the gentle movement of stomach and womanly breasts above the almost childishly slim hips. Corrine brushes back a mop of fair hair from her forehead and looks at you. Directly. Instantly you know that she's a woman who knows all about men. She's from the north of England and puts her own story to you very simply: 'I'm a Geordie, born and bred, I'm 23 and I think men like me,' she states with a trace not just of her Newcastle accent, but of humour. But she's more than that. At 5' 7" with a lithe 35–23–35 figure she's a girl that men go mad for. 'I've not had what you could call the easiest love life,' she admits, 'I've had a lot of boyfriends and most of them have been pretty difficult when things have started

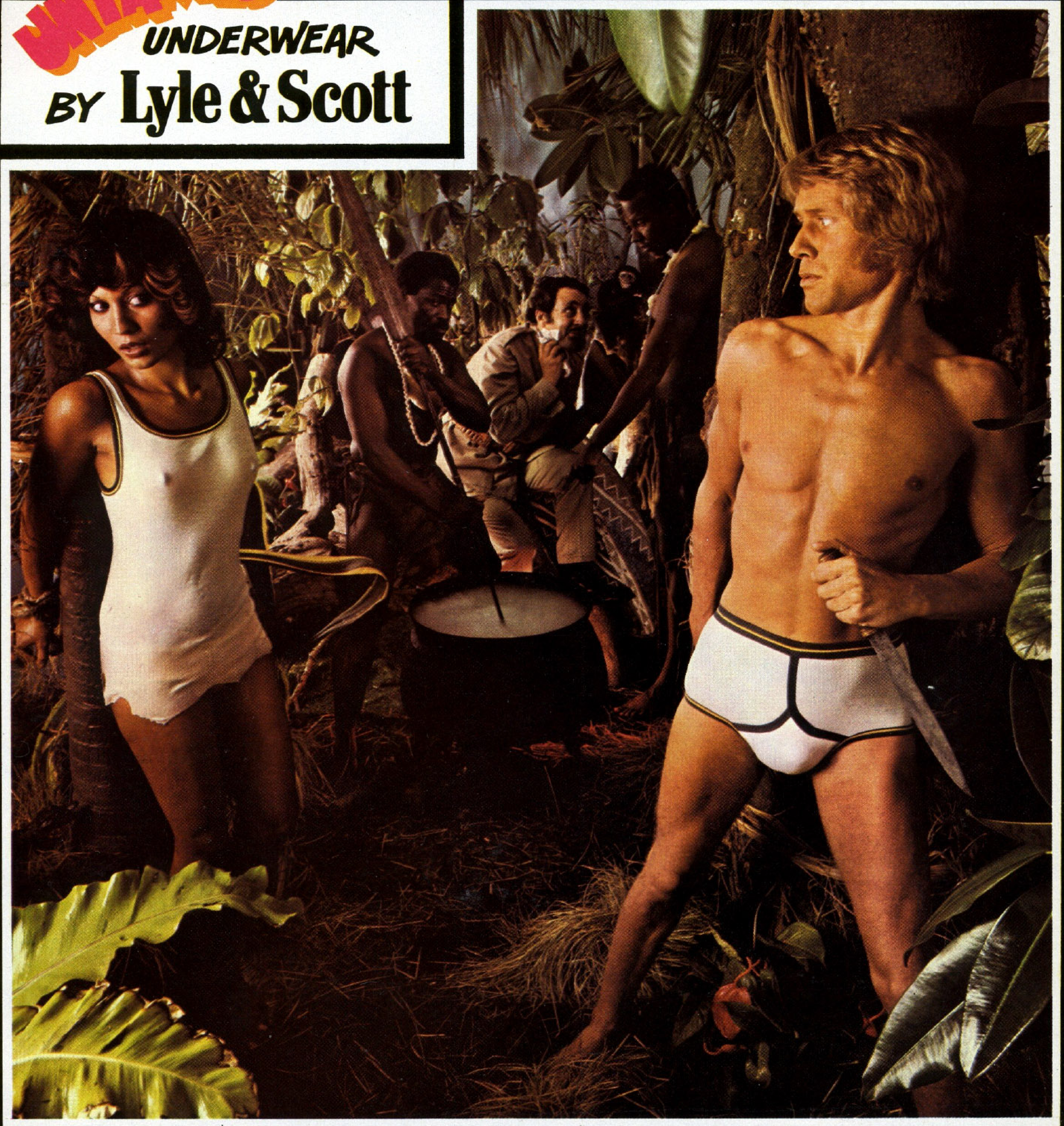




getting too hot.' Too hot? 'I don't mean sex-wise,' she laughs, 'I can promise you. No, I mean when these guys start talking about marriage. Quite honestly, I enjoy my sex-life too much to get hitched up.' And what else does Corinne enjoy? Her work, for one: 'I'm battling my way up the modelling ladder at the moment and I hope it will get me somewhere soon although I am enjoying it for its own sake.' Will Corinne stay in Newcastle or follow the trail to London? 'I doubt it. I've been to London and I didn't like it at all. It's got all the night life and so forth but Newcastle has plenty of clubs and the beer's better here as well,' she proudly claims. Corinne is quite happy, she says, with a pint of Newcastle Brown Ale in one hand and the man of her choice within reach of the other. And who can argue with that? Certainly no member of the male population in Brown Ale country.



UNTAMED UNDERWEAR BY Lyle & Scott



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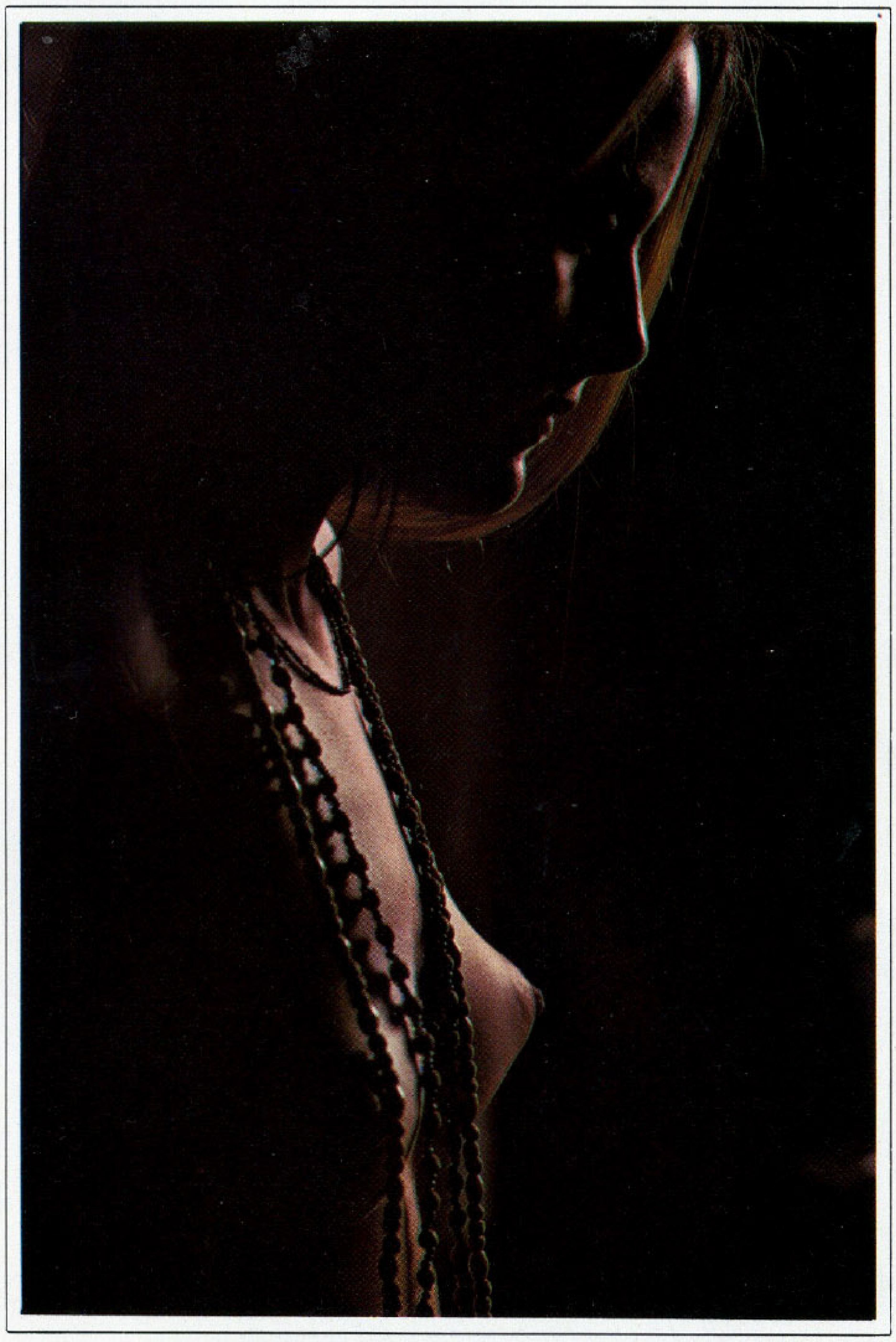
'Y-FRONT'® Trimlook

Amanda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Parked outside Amanda Curtis' flat in London's West Hampstead is a silver-grey Honda 125 Trail Bike, a twenty-first birthday present she treated herself to with the money earned from her *Mayfair* modelling assignment. 'A bike is something I've always wanted,' explains Amanda. 'I'm no ton-up kid, but I love the sensation of travelling at speed with the slipstream whipping round you.' Weekends find Amanda and her motor bike en route between London and the family home in Cambridge. 'I was born in Cambridgeshire,' says Amanda, 'and went to the Melbourn Village School. I must admit I was never very taken with school and was

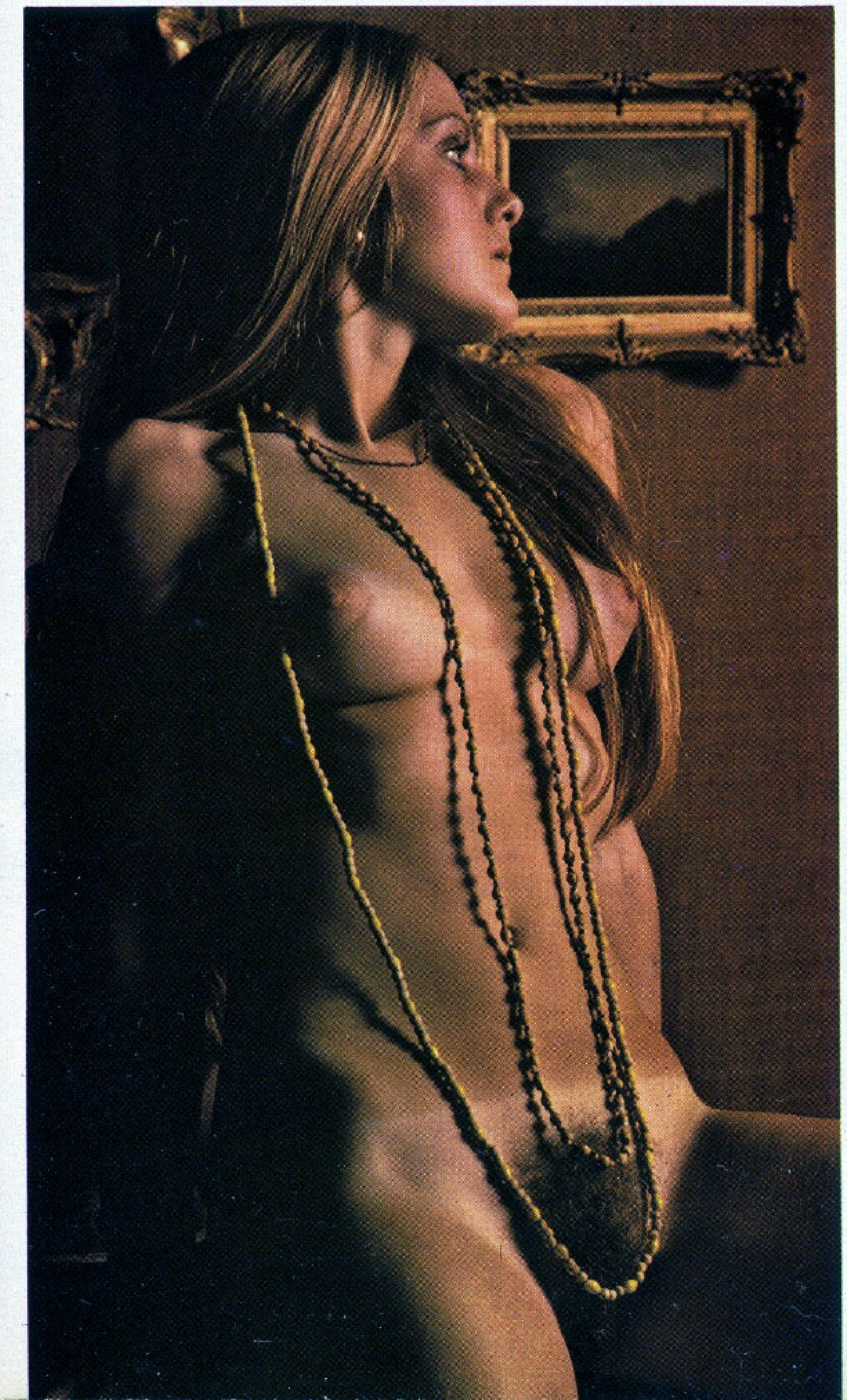
only too pleased to leave.' At present, Amanda's five feet, seven inch 36–24–36 grace a publishers' office in the West End. 'I don't know how long I'll stay there, I'm the type who is liable to be up and off at a moment's notice when the urge strikes me.' Amanda tosses back her mane of auburn hair and fixes you with eyes shining like two chips of dark emerald. 'And of course a lot depends on the guy I happen to be with. I don't really go for long drawn-out relationships. I'm a believer in the maxim that variety's the spice of life. You might as well take advantage of your looks and have as much fun as you can while you're still able to.



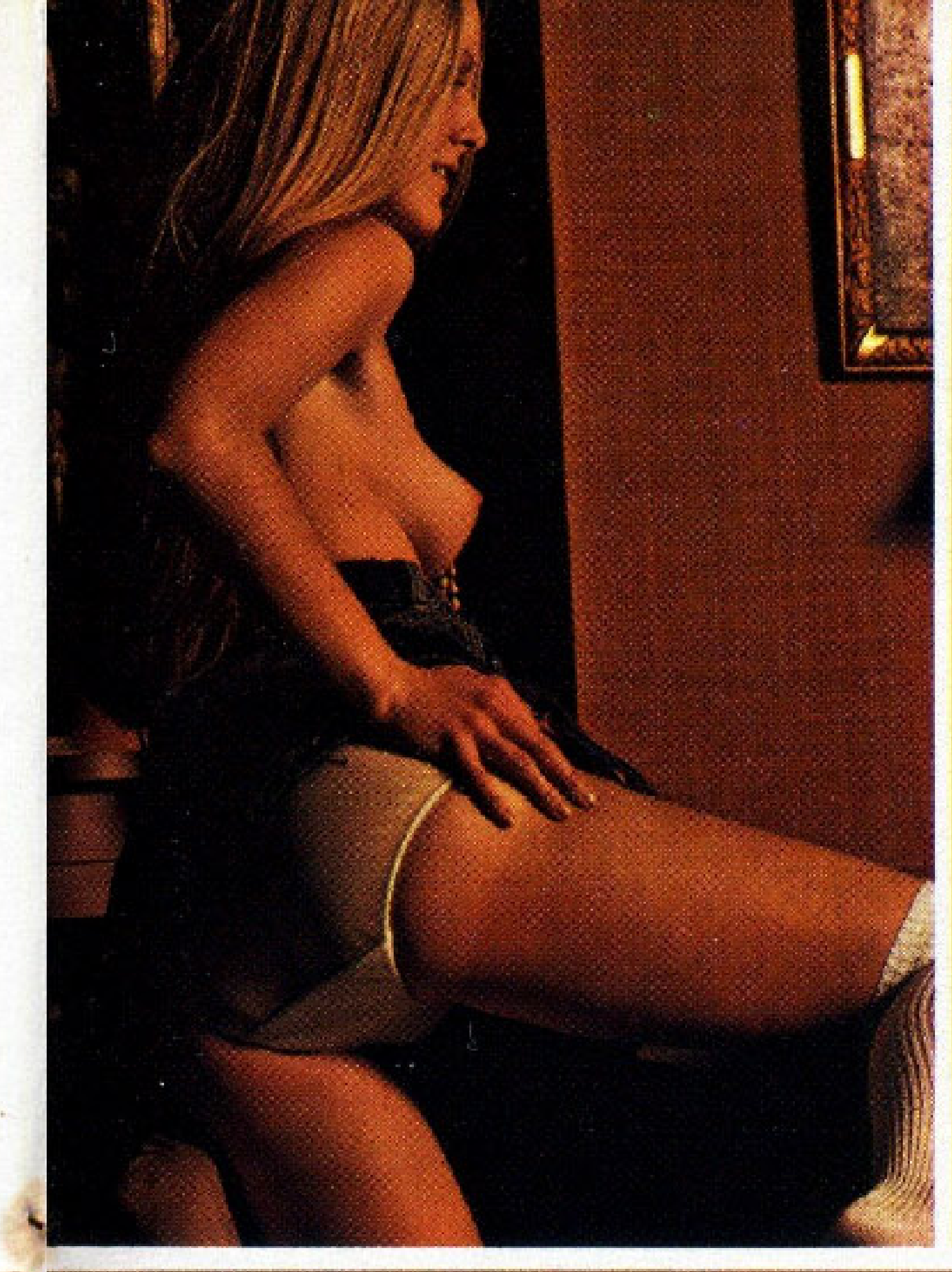
Cindy

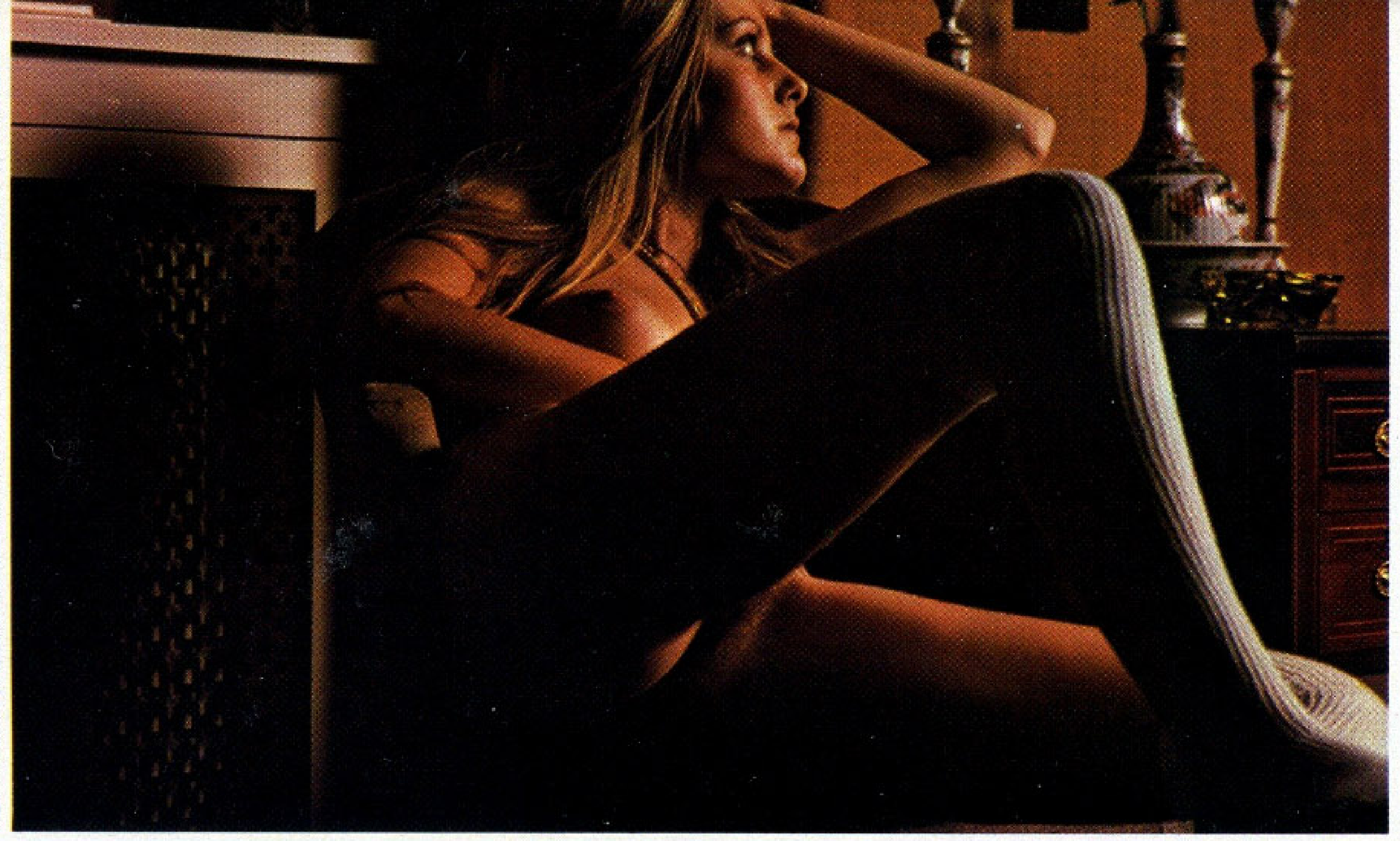
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

'Actually,' admits a blushing Cindy Lane, 'my first name is really Cynthia, which has got to be the most horrible girl's name ever invented. I absolutely hate it. It sounds like someone in a P. G. Wodehouse book. Before I started calling myself Cindy, I used to get terribly embarrassed whenever I was asked my name. It was worst of all at parties. I'd see some terribly dishy man and start talking to him, but as soon as he found out my name was Cynthia he'd start laughing. I don't know why, but everyone seems to have a maiden aunt called Cynthia; it's not really the name you'd expect a girl like myself to have.' Perhaps Cindy's county background explains her parents' choice. She was born in the fox-hunting area of Leicestershire nineteen years ago,



and educated at one of the better private girls' schools. 'I can't tell you which one because my sister's still there.' Leaving after successfully taking A levels in English and French just one year ago, Cindy spent three months in France, putting into practice what she had learnt at school. 'I found my French oral work improving tremendously,' she says with a wickedly mischievous grin. On her return to England, Cindy headed her five feet four inch, 35–22–34 for Birmingham, where she works for a sales promotion company. 'I enjoy my work very much,' she enthuses, 'I travel up and down the country working at trade fairs and exhibitions. There's no set routine, which is good, and I also get to meet a lot of very interesting people. Well, interesting men if you want me to be totally honest. I sometimes think of myself as a sailor on wheels – I've got a boyfriend in every port of call! Anyway it's much nicer going out with someone in a strange town than going back to a lonely hotel room, because there are certain things that it takes two to do!'



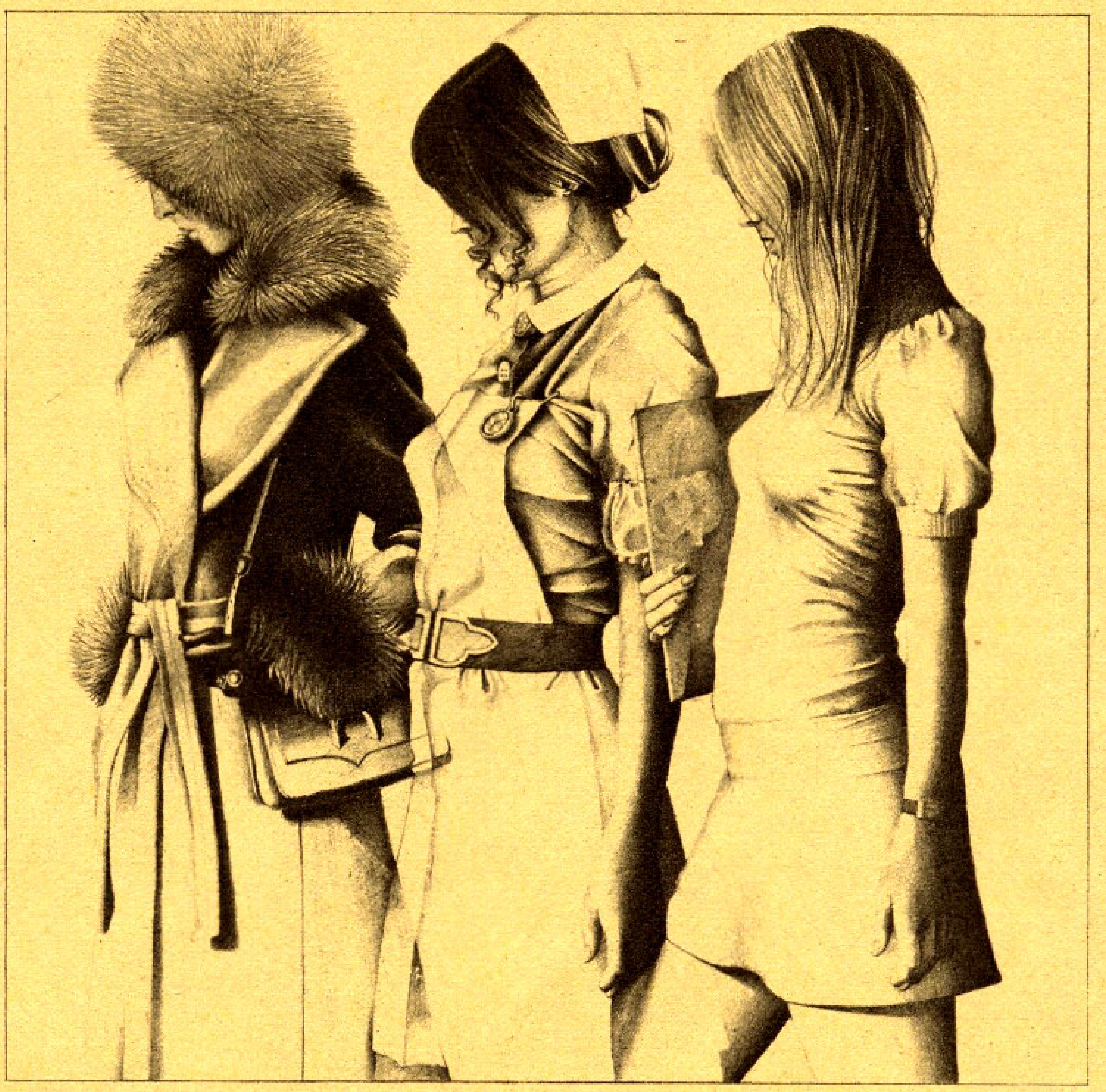


Marian

Miss Marian Maybury sits demurely, switching nylon-clad thigh over nylon-clad thigh with an electric crackle that has little to do with static. Tossing aside loose brown hair she fixes us with a Jeanne Moreau *moue,* a cool stare midway between interest and insolence. It's the look of a girl used to being looked at. 'I was told once that I had exceptionally powerful body electricity. Apparently it could mean that I'm clairvoyant.' Or particularly sexy? we supposed. That cool reserve breaks momentarily; her laugh

is unexpectedly girlish, womanly warm. 'You'll have to decide that for yourself.' Marian is that kind of sleek super-girl once known as a smasher, a knock-out bird. It's a burden she's borne capably for the major part of her 21 years. 'I was always

Daddy's little girl. I've always been spoilt outrageously.' Secretary/PA to the managing head of a major European company she divides her time between business flights to the Common Market capitals and her parents' home close to the Marlborough downs. Horse riding and swimming – 'only in heated pools' – keep her five feet eight inches 35–22–85 in sleek-pelted trim. 'I am,' she admits, mouth softening in a pout, 'a very expensive girl.' And exclusively for expensive men? She explains: 'Most men who have money have been clever enough to earn it or keep it. When they're handsome too the combination is irresistible.' Her favourites among those favoured few? 'The dark, Alain Delon type. Beautiful with a streak of cruelty.' Wasn't it, we wondered, a little hard on the rest of us. 'I'm simply honest about my needs.' That *moue* again. 'Who can blame me for that?' With Marian who indeed.



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Six

The 'one night stand' has always been the sexual encounter that men have boasted about most. Most men might sum it up as 'she obviously wanted it.' But what does the girl feel about it? We isolated examples where girls had sex only once with a man who then beat a hasty retreat. Most men may recognise themselves in this but through these interviews may better understand girls' feelings of puzzlement, regret, even shame.

INTRODUCTION

In our interviews this month, three women describe their feelings at their lovers' complete breakaway after intercourse. Far from boasting about the one night stand as would most men, the women expressed surprise at their partners' hasty departures especially as the men had made all the initial advances. The brief relationships had by no means been brought about by the woman simply abandoning herself. Even the most demure women had experienced such let-downs.

These interviews are a revealing insight into how a girl sees the situation when a man has sex with her once and never again.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Housewife, 33 years old, black haired, town of origin Bath**

This interviewee had been married nine years. After leaving college she had qualified as a secretary but had not worked since the birth of her two children, both boys. Her husband was an executive with a large west country company. They lived in their own detached house.

Quest: Tony finally persuaded you to let him make love to you.

Housewife: Persuasion? So that's what it's called. He badgered me until I gave in. I think even then I took him by surprise when I said yes. I didn't actually *say* yes. I made the yes motions.

Quest: Because you suddenly wanted to?

Housewife: I thought I'd worked all that sort of thing out of my system by the time I'd met Jack, Jack being my husband. I suppose you're always susceptible to a certain type of charm, no matter how old or how wise you think you are. It's the old story of wanting to be reassured you're still attractive to men, even sexy in my case. I've always liked to look sexy. I suppose you should leave it at that and not try and prove it when you're undressed too.

Quest: Old doesn't suit you.

Housewife: Thank you. Tony was more subtle. Or perhaps he wasn't really, perhaps he was a lot less subtle.

Quest: And you slept with him just once?

Housewife: It didn't help my complexes at all, the fact that he lost interest just like . . . just like that. He left me in a fair muddle too. I think I found it more difficult to accept that the affair wasn't going to continue after that first night, than it had been to accept that I was setting out to be unfaithful to my husband.

Quest: It was a planned seduction?

Housewife: It wasn't and it was. The way we arranged it, it seemed quite cold blooded, but it was done in the heat of the moment too.

Quest: You suddenly capitulated?

Housewife: I was pretty squiggly at that party because I'd just been told that my darling husband was having an affair with some secretary in his office.

Quest: You hadn't been unfaithful before?

Housewife: Not unless you count the painter. You couldn't really call that being unfaithful.

Quest: What happened with the painter?

Housewife: It was nothing, really, I don't know why I bothered to mention it at all. It was last summer when we had the decorators in. I wasn't expecting them on this particular day, but the young boy turned up. I suppose he was the apprentice. Anyway I was flat on my belly on the lawn, sunbathing. The garden is only overlooked by the bedroom windows. I was lying there on the towel with my bikini bar strap undone and I thought I'd roll over and get some sun on my breasts. I turned over and left my bra on the towel and because they sagged a little I cupped my hands under them as I lay on my back and thought they really didn't look too bad at all considering I'd breast fed both the children. The children were at school then, and one of the neighbours was picking them up. We have a rota and take it turns, three of us. Anyway, I'd been like that for about half a minute, just gentling my nipples a little to make them firm up when I just had this awful feeling I was being spied on. It really was quite strong and I grabbed the towel and pulled it over me. There at one of the bedroom windows was this apprentice boy. I had to turn round to see the house and

there he was. I was furious. They were supposed to be somewhere else that day. He went away from the window then and I pulled my bra on and went into the house and upstairs to see what was going on. I was a little confused too. It wouldn't take much to make me blush, talk about catching me playing with my own breasts. They're mine and I'm entitled to, but all the same, it's a bit unfair. He was there, he said, to pick up some brushes they'd left behind and they'd needed on this other job and he'd just let himself in the side door. I'd had no idea it was unlatched.

Quest: Did anything happen?

Housewife: Nothing to get divorced over. He really was a very attractive young man and he was naked to the waist. He had really penetrating eyes and he stared at me in a way that made me shiver. Then do you know what he said: 'You're beautiful,' he said, without turning a hair, 'you've got beautiful breasts. In your bikini you're even better than my girl and she's something.' And he walked towards me, just like that. And I hadn't even been drinking. I felt utterly powerless to stop him doing anything he liked. Bold as brass he walked up to me and before I could stop him he put his fingers under my bra and lifted it off my breasts. He must have had some effect on me because it took me a long time to really realise what was happening wasn't just some fantasy and that what was actually happening was that he was sucking very hard on my nipples and squeezing the flesh of my breasts in his hands. It didn't seem real at all. The number of dreams I must have had about young men in the middle of the night with their young bodies doing things like this to me, without words or asking. You do have these little fantasies once in a while when you get to my age. Don't I sound old? You're nice about it anyway. It was when he slid his hand down my belly I suddenly realised what was going on was totally impossible and I pushed him away and ran off and covered myself with a towel and hid. In my own house. Running off like a scared little girl. How funny.

Quest: So you went to a party and Tony was there and you made a date to see him again.

Housewife: I've told you why.

Quest: How long have you known Tony?

Housewife: Almost a year. He came to work with Frank and we met frequently on social occasions. Tony isn't married, he's the renowned bachelor type, sorry, confirmed bachelor I think it is.

Quest: And he let you know he wanted sex with you from the first time you met?

Housewife: I didn't think of it in that way at first. I thought it was his way. It dawned on me slowly at first, that Tony found me sexually attractive and it fascinated me.

Quest: That he was interested in you?

Housewife: Yes, because he wasn't creepy crawly or greasy. He was good looking and young looking and super fit and he could have had his pick of the women around him. I know several of my friends who would have slyly dropped their panties for him and been discreet about it and enjoyed it without telling their husbands, and there he was, this man, obsessed with me and my body. I suppose it had to happen in the end. I don't think I'm oversexed but then I'm not undersexed either, whatever that implies. I was most flattered and really being admired by Tony gave me a new lease of youth in a strange way. I began to feel quite flirty. I did flirt with him too. I suddenly felt wanted, not just as a mum and a cook, but as a sexual thing and I think a lot of women, no matter what they say, like being thought of as that once in a while – like a mistress or something.

Quest: And it came to a head at this particular party?

Housewife: I'd just heard of my husband's office capers. I was a mixture of being upset and being defiant and thinking, I'll show my darling husband that two can play at that game. I made myself very sexy that evening.

Quest: You wore sexy clothes?

Housewife: That too. Actually, I think I always wear fairly sexy clothes. I pick them with that in mind in the first place. I always wear stockings rather than tights and I know men think that's most sexy. I don't like tights and I've always worn stockings. I don't often wear garters or a garter belt because I usually have a corset to hold my tummy in and that holds my stockings up.

Quest: What were you wearing to this party?

Housewife: I was being even sexier than usual so I wore my frilly pink garters to keep my stockings up and my long very dark blue dress with the low top. It's so low I almost pop out of it if I bend too far. I have a little bra that matches the garter belt and my knickers and pushes my breasts up and makes them appear even larger than they are. It's quite wicked. I can look quite wickedly sexy sometimes, especially with my big fluttery false eyelashes.

Quest: And what was Tony's reaction to this ensemble?

Housewife: He was even more attentive than usual. Frank spends all his time at these do's talking to everyone else and drinking and joking with the men. You wouldn't think he'd run off and leave me would you, the way I looked that night?

Quest: And Tony took advantage of this?

Housewife: He plied me with drinks and flattery and, well, the way a man looks at you is flattery enough sometimes isn't it? You can tell at a glance what he's thinking and judging by the look in his eyes, Tony was thinking some very sexy and flattering things about me and my body. The buffet was laid out in the kitchen and Tony steered me in there to pick up some food. 'When are you going to let me tempt you,' he said. He was always sayings thing like that. 'Am I going to go through life a haunted man for the rest of my days.' I don't know what he expected me to say on this occasion. I usually laughed it off. I was getting pretty squiggly and remembered what my husband was supposedly doing with his secretary. 'Why don't you come and see me one lunchtime this week and find out,' I said. He looked most surprised. 'The lady is taunting me,' he said. 'She's trying to drive me mad with frustration and hope.' He was looking down at me. We were both standing by the table and there was no-one else in the room. 'I just don't believe it,' he said. I looked up at him and fluttered my eyelashes. 'Why don't you try me,' I said. I think he turned round to make sure there was nobody coming in. I think the door was closed. Then he kissed me and I kissed him back. He put his hand on top of my left breast and I didn't push him away and his hand slipped inside the front of my dress and my bra because I was holding my breath to make it easier for him. He was licking inside my mouth with his tongue and pressing down on my lips and twisting his tongue against mine. I hadn't been kissed like that for a long time by my husband and I responded to him. My nipple went really hard under his hand and I was afraid someone would come in so I pulled away and wriggled my breast back properly inside my bra. Tony looked rather befuddled and I knew that despite the drink I was really in control and it was a really good feeling. 'I don't really believe it, still,' he said. 'I think you're playing games with me.' No-one was coming in the kitchen and I felt like a prick-tease in a funny way, so I lifted up the hem of my skirt and lifted it right up to my waist and showed him my garter and above and I felt most wicked doing it. Delicious. 'I'll be wearing these on . . .' and I had to think hard which day would be clear. 'On Wednesday,' I said. I decided Wednesday was the one day I wasn't expecting anyone. 'Come and see what games I'm playing then,' I said and I dropped my dress and walked past him and back into the lounge where everyone else was and Tony didn't come out of the kitchen for ten minutes. I don't know what he was doing in there, recovering perhaps. It was his own fault. He deserved it.

Quest: Tell me about Wednesday.

Housewife: When I woke up the next morning I suddenly remembered everything and I was horrified with myself. Then I remembered why I'd done it, and it didn't seem quite so wicked. By the time Wednesday arrived I'd decided I was going to go through with it and my biggest worry was whether Tony was going to remember to come. He knew our number but he hadn't telephoned. I had half expected he might. By eleven o'clock I'd drunk several Martinis. I think I was on my fourth when the doorbell rang. They helped to

quieten the butterflies in my tummy.
Quest: Were you wearing your stockings and garters?
Housewife: Oh, that silly promise, yes.
Quest: What else?
Housewife: It was a hot sunny day and I was wearing a kaftan over the top.
Quest: What happened when you met Tony at the door?
Housewife: He didn't look awfully sure of himself actually, though he was trying. I think he wasn't sure how to break the ice because I didn't kiss him at the door. Then as I shut the door and followed him to the lounge, Tony turned round and stopped in the doorway and I didn't crash into him, but we touched before I could stop and my breasts collided with his chest and he put his hands under my chin and lifted my head and started kissing me. I wasn't sure where to begin or what to do. The drinks helped but not as much as I had hoped they would.
Quest: This led to sex?
Housewife: Tony put his arms round me and went on kissing me and I started kissing him back and his hands came round to the front of my kaftan and pressed against my breasts. He began to squeeze them and I knew it was going to be all right because I was suddenly feeling really sexy and my nipples were hard enough to pop. I wasn't actually wearing a bra and Tony could feel that. Then he pressed me against him and put his hands down on my bottom while I put my arms round him and went on kissing him madly, twisting my lips against his and I could feel his fingers hoisting up my kaftan from behind until he'd rucked it up to my bottom and he was pushing his hands in my panties from underneath. He rubbed the tops of my thighs first, where my stockings ended and then brought his hands up under my bottom and put his fingers in my knickers through the legs. He was pushing and almost bending me over backwards trying to do it.
Quest: And you made love there in the lounge?
Housewife: Tony somehow lowered me to the floor beneath him and had my kaftan up to my waist at the same time. It wasn't the way I'd planned it but I was enjoying it. Tony started rubbing his face on the inside of my thigh. He was holding my legs apart and he was kneeling between them and rubbing his face where my stocking ended and left my thigh bare. I wanted to twitch and wriggle. Then he pushed his nose right up to my knickers and blew warm breath through the material onto my skin, actually the bristle of my pubes was poking through and he was blowing on that too. I was going to sit up and kiss his head but he stopped doing it and pushed my kaftan right up to my breasts and started kissing them and I held his head to me. Then he started kissing my mouth again and he was breathing very heavily and he took my hand and led it to the front of his pants and he wanted me to rub him. He had to help me with the zip because it was difficult to work. He stood up and took his trousers right off instead and his jacket too so he was only wearing his shirt and tie and socks and I wanted to giggle because he looked funny. When I looked at his penis it was sticking outwards and upwards and it had a curve in it. He bent down between my legs again and started kissing me through my knickers. He was actually kissing me through them. Then he pulled them to one side and he'd moved his body round so I could reach his penis with my hand and slide my hand up and down it and rub him. Then he pulled away. We were both breathing quite heavily by this time, and he pulled my hands down to my vagina and held them at my lips and made me hold my lips apart with my fingers so that he could just slide in and slide in he did. I could feel the hairs on his testicles tickling my thighs. I was holding my knickers apart too and I took my hands away as he went in and put them on his shoulders and his mouth came down on my breasts and I could feel myself bucking under him and coming up to meet him and he was pulling at my nipples with his lips. I had two quite quick orgasms and then he came and we both made awful noises and he sagged right over on me with his head on my breasts and I held him there and hugged him to me.
Quest: And this hasn't happened since?
Housewife: I know I enjoyed it and he enjoyed it, but there was something missing somewhere. I can't place it completely. The magic soon wore off. He rolled over and got dressed and he didn't even stay for a drink. We didn't say very much to each other at all, actually. I had a bath when he went because I wanted to wash it away I suppose. But then I started waiting for him to come round again, and wanting him to, worse than before. I even went so far as to phone him at the office on two occasions but he wasn't there. The worst effect it had on me was this terrible feeling of inadequacy, of not really being so wonderful as I thought I was, I suppose. I told Frank about it when I knew Tony wasn't going to come back and Frank actually admitted about his secretary so in that way I suppose it has done us good.
Quest: Thank you.

Two **Nurse, 25 years old blonde, town of origin Tamworth**

This interviewee had been married at 19, shortly after qualifying as a nurse. She had been divorced three years later. At the time of the interview she shared a flat with one other girl.

Quest: You're good at sex?
Nurse: Well, what do you think? I mean, how am I good at sex? Everyone likes different things. I think men just think I am.
Quest: Why would it be unfair to say you're good at sex?
Nurse: Well, it makes me into a machine. I mean it makes it look as though men just come to me for a quick thrill and then go away again.
Quest: And do they?
Nurse: It has happened.
Quest: You went out with a number of

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QUEST

why you can't do without it

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men after your divorce had come through?

Nurse: Yes, at one time I did. But it's rubbish to say it's wrong or promiscuous, because whatever happens physically, your mind is still your own and sex can't change that. But I think men start talking about you behind your back, you know, she's a nurse, she's blonde and wait for it, divorced. What a combination. She must be a real goer. She must know everything – things like that. Being a nurse sometimes is bad enough because all the boys wink and nod and say things like: 'I bet she must know a thing or two,' and most nurses aren't like that at all.

Quest: Men think they can use you?

Nurse: Well, not always, no, but some men do. Some men want a cook, a mother and a housemaid all rolled into one, who suddenly turns into a whore the moment they get her into bed. Sometimes they just think they're onto a good thing. I think some men think it's big to talk about you behind your back and pass you on to their friends. It's all nudge, nudge, I can tell you she's a right little gobbler. Or something. And the word gets around something rotten and when they look at you you can see it in their eyes. When they take you out, you can feel them thinking it.

Quest: You sound very disillusioned about men.

Nurse: I'll get over it. No, it was just something that happened with this man and it's not easy to forget it.

Quest: This was with Andrew?

Nurse: Yes.

Quest: When you first met Andrew did you want to go to bed with him?

Nurse: Well, when I feel something for a man as strongly as I thought I felt with Andrew, it's just me, I'm too soft, because I feel very motherly and very loving and it's only natural to want to give them pleasure. That's not unusual is it? I have a strong sex drive, as strong as the next girl. But some men just come up to you at parties for instance and they're so rough and not gentle at all and they think because you enjoy sex with one particular person, you're desperate for it all the time and you'll do it with them at the drop of a hat, and they can be very hurtful.

Quest: How? Surely that's just party high spirits?

Nurse: No. One man came up to me in the hallway. I was just standing there waiting for this boy I had come to the party with, in my mini and my boots and I'd known this man vaguely but never taken much notice of him and he just put his hand on the wall beside my head and I thought he was going to be slightly drunken and slightly friendly and he clamped his hand over my pubic bone through my dress and clenched his hand quite hard and pressed down on me and almost had me trapped against the wall. 'Come on Angela, how about it, I've heard you like it. I've got something you'd like to see in my trousers.' And he really was serious and I had to push his arm with all my strength to get it away from me. I must be simple. I've never slapped a man even for something like that. But he wasn't joking. He really thought I was going to take him up on that offer. I mean someone must have told him something. I am simple, you know, I enjoy sex with a man I like and I can't help being active sexually. I mean, if I feel I want to come and I think it would be easier from on top then I'd roll over and sit on him and if he just lay there I might take my breasts and pinch my nipples or something if he was coming, to make me come more quickly.

Quest: Do you always like to come to orgasm when you're having sex?

Nurse: Well, the thing is I can bring myself to orgasm better sometimes myself than a man can. I mean, if it's not quite right and his penis isn't properly stiff I can put my finger between us and coax my clitoris, or something like that. You see, what it is everyone's so selfish about sex aren't they? They all just take, well, men just take, and that seems to be manly and normal to them, but if you not only take but want to give and want to please them then you're a sort of whore, aren't you? If you just want to give to them and please them they think you're odd. I mean, if you're a girl and you just lie there and accept what they do to you that's all right, but if you want to give them an orgasm . . . I don't know. It's very difficult. If you say: 'I want you to come. What would you like me to do best?' If you did say that, just because you feel fond of them and you want to stroke their penis, they think after that they can just use you.

Quest: It's important to you that a man has an orgasm.

Nurse: Well, I want to make them have one. I mean, it means I'm not much good if I can't do it.

Quest: You feel you've been labelled unfairly because you're perhaps willing to do things freely that other women won't.

Nurse: Perhaps you're right.

Quest: Tell me about Andrew.

Nurse: I feel very shy now. I don't know how to tell you, really. I mean it's different talking about your feelings isn't it?

Quest: How long had you known Andrew before you had sex with him?

Nurse: Well, I wanted to, straight away because he appealed to me at once.

Quest: Have you often slept with men early in your relationships?

Nurse: If I was attracted to them, yes. I'm not attracted to men physically so much as mentally. I can't stand purely physical men.

Quest: But you're fairly physical yourself?

Nurse: There has to be some mental contact first. I like men who're mentally interesting, perhaps because I'm not, myself, I don't think. That was all the mistake I made with my husband. The attraction was physical and we didn't realise it until too late. He had a beautiful body and a beautiful penis and I thought that was all that mattered. I've learnt since then that it doesn't. He taught me a lot about my body and other men's bodies. I learnt more from him than I did from nursing. He taught me how to do things to a man, like fellating him, that would drive you wild.

Quest: And that is the sort of thing you would do if it wasn't possible to have complete sex?

Nurse: You mean like that time in the car?

Quest: This was with Andrew?

Nurse: No it was someone else. I was very taken by him, as with Andrew, and I think it was the first time we'd been out together and very willingly I unzipped him as we were driving and squeezed my head between the steering wheel and his lap. That lasted very well, our relationship, I mean it didn't make him not want to see me again, just the opposite. He couldn't get enough of me.

Quest: But with Andrew it had an opposite effect?

Nurse: It can't have done. It can't have been that, can it? You mean, he sobered down and thought I was a whore . . . no, I don't think – no, it was just a one night stand for Andrew and I didn't realise . . . I think, he must be like that with all girls. I don't know. I never have worked it out. I know it upset me. I thought it was the other thing that happened.

Quest: You didn't have sex the first night with Andrew.

Nurse: I always thought if I wanted to I could keep any man happy for as long as I liked. I don't even know if I fell in love with him the first time I saw him. The way I feel sometimes I almost think I did. You know, the first night we met, we were in a pub and he was a friend of some friends of mine and we were introduced and as for me, that was it. I wanted him. He had big soulful eyes and I wanted to make them happy. I love serious brown eyes. He was very quiet, almost shy but when you talked to him he was full of interesting things, music and writing and art and I think he worked for the civil service. You wouldn't think it with his long hair and his patched up jeans and his old denim jacket. There were lots of things we both liked and he didn't try and kiss me or handle me or make comments at me when we left the pub even though I was sort of hanging on his arm. I mean, I'd singled him out. He seemed interested in me as well.

Quest: Did anything happen that night?

Nurse: No, it wasn't until the Friday when my flatmate was away and we could have my flat to ourselves all weekend. Both beds are in the same room, you see, it's a tiny place – but we thought we'd have the beds in one room and have the other for a lounge. You know, I didn't try and make Andrew make love to me. I think it was because of what I was telling you about before about men expecting something from you without any effort. It was just that Andrew didn't have to work very hard for it. I mean, if he'd known the way I felt, he wouldn't have had to. I still don't know if it wasn't some talk he'd heard. I mean, it might have been, mightn't it and he was trying a different approach, because he didn't even kiss me the first night, just dropped me outside my door. Perhaps he'd heard something about me. He just arranged to call for me the next night and we went out to a folk club and got tiddly and he just kissed me that night and didn't even touch my breasts. I mean that's the first thing men do, isn't it.

Quest: This gradually built up to Friday night?

Nurse: I was sure I was going to have intercourse with him. The night before – we went out together for four nights on the run – he came up for coffee but my flatmate was there and he went again. On the doorstep he just pushed his hands up under my jumper even though it was cold with the door open and gave me goosebumps and started fondling my breasts and I hugged him, half because I was cold too, and we kissed for quite a while.

Quest: What happened on the Friday?

Nurse: On the Friday evening I cooked a meal and we had it by romantic candlelight and Andrew brought two bottles of wine and we sat and listened to records and I was wearing a short little red smock I'd bought the day before with my hair loose and fluffy all over my shoulders, and not much else. It was very short and a bit rude when I sat down. Wine makes me light headed, you know. I was wearing tights and panties underneath and it didn't leave a lot to the imagination whatever position I was in.

Quest: And what effect did this have on Andrew?

Nurse: Well, we were sort of lounging on the bed and drinking the last of the wine and feeling tiddly and there was lots of romantic music on the record player and we were pretending to listen to it and waving our feet over the edge of the bed. We just started kissing. Andrew spilt my wine on the bedcover because he kissed me so hard. I think he was clumsy at many things. He pushed his hand up under my smock and, well he hardly had to push it any further because it was already up around my bottom nearly. He started pushing his hand into the top of my tights and trying to pull them down while we were kissing and tights are awful aren't they? They're impossible things, but they make your legs look so nice and smooth and not many legs are as smooth and perfect as that. It was an impossible struggle with my tights. I just told him I had to go to the loo and I nipped off into the bathroom and I thought, I'll take them off and be nice and bare legged and I did want to go to the loo. And the worst happened. I had a show. Just a tiny bit, but enough. This was going to spoil everything. I'd forgotten all about it and I usually remember because I'm so punctual and I know when it's coming. It didn't depress me, I mean, I was looking forward to the weekend with Andrew, but it was a bit of an inconvenience all the same.

Quest: What happened when you went back to Andrew?

Nurse: He was still lounging on the bed, drinking the wine and smoking a cigarette and I sat down beside him and didn't know what to tell him. He started kissing me again and pulled me down with him and I should have put my tights back on but I hadn't. I'd put a little piece of tissue over my vagina just in case my period came on too fast – inside my panties, and he started pushing his hand in and I didn't want him to find out and so I wriggled away and lifted my smock over my breasts and I took his hands and pulled them to my breasts. That turned him on. It was so snug and warm in my room and I was half sitting on the bed with my smock over my breasts and Andrew buried his head in them and nibbled at them and pulled me down on top of him so they were almost smothering him. Then I felt his hand in my panties again and I pulled away and I wanted to tell him but he kept stopping my mouth with kisses. I was half on top of him and I started caressing his thighs and finally his penis. He had buttons on his jeans and I unfastened them and his penis jumped out. I squeezed him and started playing with him and he put his hands on my head and pushed me down and it came to my lips and it's much better if you squeeze it while you're moving it in and out. That does drive men wild, it does. I'm good at that. He started pushing his hips up at my mouth as I was working on him. Then he put his hands on either side of my head and said: 'No more, no more, I'm going to come too soon. I don't want to do that to you.' I was looking up at him, holding him and waving him slightly and brushing it against my lips and I said: 'It doesn't matter. I'd like you to,' and I bent my head again, but he pulled away from me and stood up and just unbelted his pants and took them off. He came back to me and I tried to catch hold of his penis but he stopped me and pushed me over on my back on the bed. He was snorting like a horse and very strong. He started tugging at my panties. He knelt forward between my legs, oh, and I wanted him to, I wanted him to so much and I couldn't let him, I didn't dare. 'No, Andrew,' I said, 'we can't, my periods are just starting.' But he didn't take any notice at all. 'Yes, we can,' he said. 'You can't stop me now, not after working me up like this.' He had his hands at the sides of my panties and he was pulling my bottom in the air with the effort of pulling them off. 'You can do it in my mouth,' I said, 'please, Andrew?' I was very sorry, I said. But I didn't know my periods were going to happen. He just pulled my panties right off even though I tried to hang onto them and the tissue with them.

Quest: Then you made love?

Nurse: Well, I wanted it so badly. It was very hard not to. Andrew just plunged in and as soon as I felt him driving inside me I just lost all control and wrapped my legs around his back and went with him and we just thrust and thrust at each other and bounced up and down on the bed moaning and panting.

Quest: And you spent the weekend together?

Nurse: We slept together but Andrew wouldn't cuddle me. He was one of those men who don't like to touch in bed, they roll over onto the other side. I tried to cuddle him but it was obvious he was tense and didn't want me to. When I woke up he wasn't there. The rest of the weekend was bad for me. I went to the pub but he wasn't there either. I didn't see him for days. When I did I didn't have the courage to ask him why he'd run out on me like that. We just said hello and he drifted off somewhere else. What makes a man act like that. Was it because of my period? It can't have been. Perhaps he's just like that all the time with other women. Perhaps it's because men think I'm too easy. Do you think that's why? I must be but I can't help that. It's the way I am.

Three **Secretary, 20 years old, dark haired, town of origin Richmond**

This interviewee, after leaving private school at 17, had taken a secretarial course and was now employed by a large life assurance company in London. At the time of the interview she had left home and was sharing a flat with three other girls.

Quest: I'd like you to tell me about Stephen.

Secretary: He was such a tremmy looking man. Tremmy – tremendous.

Quest: How long did it take him to get you into bed?

Secretary: He said his name was Stephen and how about it.

Quest: And you jumped into bed with him?

Secretary: Of course I didn't. That's a joke. Actually I did, but not in the way you're thinking. I'm the last person to go jumping into the beds of strange men.

Quest: But this time it was different?

Secretary: This time, he trapped me by my bottom.

Quest: It sounds as though it could have been painful.

Secretary: Not in the car door, you fool. I must be insane to be talking to you in the first place. I have a horrifically sensitive bottom and he was a bottom man and bingo! I let my hair down so fast you wouldn't have been able to keep up.

Quest: Why Stephen in particular, or will we be back on your bottom again?

Secretary: Oh, you're rude. My bottom is horse-ridey and some men like doing it from behind.

Quest: Like a horse?

Secretary: Shut up. Stephen spanked me and it turned pink and shiny.

Quest: And you enjoyed that?

Secretary: What are you suggesting

Quest: That you enjoy attention to your bottom and you enjoy being spanked.

Secretary: Not too hard.

Quest: Why did Stephen spank you?

Secretary: I was naughty. I spilt my drink on him.

Quest: When was this?

Secretary: When we were at the party.
Quest: Had you met him before?
Secretary: I'd never seen him before. I thought he was tremmy and he was cheeky to me so I spilt my drink on his shirt. He made a remark about my bottom.
Quest: What remark did he make about your bottom?
Secretary: He said it was accommodating and inviting and he put his hands on it and remarked about it in my ear. I'd been watching him earlier and he knew it. I turned and spilt my drink on him. He said it was cheeky.
Quest: On purpose?
Secretary: I said he was cheekier than my bottom. Accommodating was horrific, cheeky wasn't so terrible, but I spilt my drink on his shirt all the same.
Quest: And Stephen spanked you?
Secretary: How could he? I was standing with two or three girlfriends. He wouldn't have dared.
Quest: When did he spank you?
Secretary: As I was on my way to the bathroom. He lifted me up by the waist and carried me kicking and gurgling and giggling into the bedroom. Giggling rather than screaming because I hadn't taken terribly good care of which drinks I was mixing up with the ones already inside me. I'd simply hate to look inside me. It must look horrifically messy.
Quest: How did he spank you?
Secretary: 'What are you doing?' I said. 'Put me down.' I tried to punch him. I hit him with my fists but I felt giggly and oops, I kept bursting into giggles. Big domineering men who can carry you over their shoulder are tasty. You can't possibly hurt them, not with soft girl hands. He actually pitched me over onto the bed on a great pile of coats and lifted my skirt up and whacked me while I was struggling on my tummy to get up. 'Ouch,' I said. It did ouch too, mightily. Confused, I was. He pulled my pants down and my tights. Ooh, I wanted to give in like anything, but I didn't at the same time. I was still squirming about on the bed, kicking my legs in the air and trying to kick him. It's terribly difficult to push yourself up from a bed when your hands are trying to cover your bare bottom to stop someone spanking you. It's impossible actually. You thrash about and go nowhere and you can't cry out because the coats muffle your voice and everybody would stand in the doorway and laugh if they knew what was going on.
Quest: What happened after he spanked you?
Secretary: He made me wet. 'Get off, you beast,' I kept saying. 'Stop being so rotten to me. It wasn't my fault I spilled the drink on you.' And 'Ouch,' not to forget that. 'You've been a naughty girl,' he said. It was terribly childish in fact. 'But you do have the most beautiful backside I've ever clapped hands on.' Do you think that's clever. I thought that was quite clever. Two marks for that. Then he kissed me and patted me and covered me up. He kissed me right on my bottom and patted me there too. My bottom felt hot and his lips felt cool, a divine sensation actually. And while he was kissing it and I was breathing raggedly and keeping still and pretending I wasn't aware of what he was doing, he curved his hand round under me and felt how wet I was and his finger slipped in and terribly lightly and quickly punished me there. I enjoyed that little slap and I squealed. He patted me again and I wondered where he was and as I sat up and pretended to be terribly angry and tried to pull up my tights and my pants, he was already going out and closing the door.
Quest: What happened then?
Secretary: I sulked.
Quest: Why?
Secretary: He ignored me.
Quest: What did you do?
Secretary: As though nothing had happened – ooh, men, the horrors. Ignored me. I was tempted to spill my drink over him again. I thought, I'll go and ask him for one and then spill it all over him. That'll serve him right, wouldn't it?
Quest: So you asked him to get you a drink.
Secretary: 'Certainly, pussy cat,' he said. 'Certainly. How's your smooth little bottom?' He brought the drink back. He was a long time. I was tapping my foot I was so impatient. I do when I am, tap when impatient. 'Would it help if I kissed it better?' he said when he came back. 'No,' I said, I was all sulky again. 'Why not?' he said. 'Because it wouldn't,' I said. This went on for ages, silly conversations. 'Get your coat,' he said. 'It's long past your beddybyes.' Ooh, I hate men like that. Beddybyes. You'd think I was an infant. And he kept patting my bottom. 'You won't be able to come in,' I said. 'My parents live there too.' Talk about smooth, he had my parents eating out of his hand. Off they went to bed. I was sulking away. I had to make coffee for everyone, what a nerve, while he charmed my parents. 'Don't stay down too long, dear.' That was mother. 'Goodnight.' That was father. 'Come here, little pussy cat.' That was him, grabbing my hand and pulling me over to the couch and sitting me beside him. 'You're horrid,' I said. 'I don't think I like you.' Mmmm, he was tasty. He pushed me back in the couch and kissed me and put his tongue in my mouth and touched mine. I nearly bit it. He was unzipping my dress and pushing his hand up under my bra and kneading my breasts. Hmm, he was fabulous at that. My breasts felt hard and firm and goosebitey and I moved my shoulders round and made them move and squash against his hand. Then he was across my tum like lightning and fingers in the elastic of my tights. 'Stand up,' he said. I hate bossy men. I had to stand up then because my bottom was still slightly sore, not because he told me to. Then he pulled my tights down again before I knew it and I was grimly hanging onto my pants. What did he think he was doing, stripping me naked in my own parents' home. I had to tell him not to make so much noise or they'd hear. He had fabulous hands. He ordered me to let go of my pants. Men frighten me a little when they look so cross and tell you to do things. They slipped out of my hands and went sliding to the floor. I had to step out of them in case I tripped over. Then he said, 'Pick your panties up. You can't leave them lying there.' What on earth was he doing? Why didn't he pick them up if they were so precious. I expect you've already guessed why he wanted me to pick them up. So he could bend me over. He held me bent over like that and pushed me against the couch again and I knew he had his tool out. I could feel it brushing my cheeks. That was hotter and harder than his slaps had made me. He made me get hold of it. 'Hold it in your hand,' he said. 'Don't you try and make me,' I said. He took my hand and pulled it back through between my legs and wrapped my fingers round it. He felt terrifically big. I just let my hand stay there. He moved it right against my thighs and I knew where I wanted it. The thought of him standing behind me with my bottom in the air and my little hairs peeping through and everything, but everything a girl has to offer, showing through, was too much and I was already damp and warm. In he came, in a long slow glide and it seemed to come right up inside me like a glow. I was so excited I could hardly keep still. I pushed my bottom against him. He went in and out in long slushy strokes and I had to hold my hand over my pussy to make sure he didn't slip out. I just touched my button and I was there. I collapsed into the couch and thanked God for the pill because he collapsed with me and I could feel him shuddering inside me. Then he came out and fell back. 'Well, have you quite finished?' I said. He said, he had, thank you. I felt super. 'That was super,' I said. He looked surprised at that. 'Are you going to come and call and take me out tomorrow night?' I said. He said he would. He never did. I haven't seen him since. That was months ago. I wish I'd said, 'Please come and see me tomorrow night,' and called him by his name. 'Stephen.'
Quest: Do you think he treated you badly?
Secretary: Do you? I spent days waiting for him and he never came. I think that was rotten. I got myself terribly worked up about him and just left me flat. It was rotten. I thought he'd enjoyed it. It wasn't as though I hadn't let him or anything. I wasn't even terribly rude to him. I thought he was the sort of man who liked to be treated like that, like a challenge. He was married, I bet.

LETTERS

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I have ever had of this was at a party at a friend's house when we agreed that our wives would be the mistresses and the men the slaves. We were told to undress but our wives kept their clothes on. They fastened our hands behind our backs and ordered us to kneel in front of them and take off their shoes. This we had to do with our mouths, putting our tongues between their feet and the leather and pulling off their shoes with our teeth. Then we had to lick their feet, sucking their toes one after the other. Then they ordered us to lie on our backs and they walked on our faces, kicking our cheeks and mouths with their beautiful bare feet.

But this was not all! They told us that as we were their slaves we would not be allowed to eat anything but food crushed and ground by their feet. So after putting some jam in a plate they stepped in it and we licked the jam from between their toes.

Finally, they went out into the garden and walked barefoot on the earth and when they came back they ordered us to prostrate ourselves and lick the soil off their feet until they were perfectly clean. During this time they kissed and caressed each other and they finally undressed and we made violent love.

I think that the most beautiful part of a woman's body is her foot and I wonder why your photographers provide so few pictures of girls showing their bare feet.

J.D. St. Etienne, France

I have only been in England for a few weeks so I am no expert on your country but there's one thing that I am sure of: *Mayfair* is the best magazine for men being sold today. *Mayfair* seems so much more 'human': while your rival magazines seem to get letters from 'super-sophisticates' the letters you print seem much more straightforward and, in fact, more believable.

I very much enjoyed your letters in Vol. 9 No. 7 but I must make some comment on them. Mrs M. B. of Berks. says she is still sexy at 50 and I can believe her even if nobody else does. I've heard that all the British walk a lot – maybe that's the secret of how so many of your women are still looking great in their fifties.

Then there was the letter from 'A' block at Keele saying that in America we like girls with huge breasts. That may be true but then the U.S.A. has room for every taste and I for one am not a 'big-breast man'. The picture I saw of Roberta Baird just made me think of those big inflated trampolines that the kids jump around on back home. I'm more of a thigh man myself and if you look at the cover of Vol. 9 No. 7 you'll see why I picked it up in the first place!

I enjoyed all the articles and particularly the more humorous one. It isn't easy for me to smile at anything I read but the works of Peter Maddocks, John Hall and Mike George had me laughing out loud.

I read Quest and found it really interesting. A lot of the articles run by your competitors can hardly be of much interest to the English, but everybody can really get into reading Quest.

And the girls? Great. There was a letter from Richard Tomalin thanking you for Roberta Baird. Well, I thank you for Veronica Wrathall. Mr Tomalin liked what he saw and went on to describe it in flowery terms. The more I like something, the more speechless I become – which should explain why I end this letter here!

Lewis Richards, New Orleans

I think that your 449,643 paying readers ought to know that in my story 'A Kiss For The Bride' (Vol. 9 No. 8), the word *bog* was editorially altered to *loo*.

I am sure that the former three-letter word is in much more common use than the latter.

Loo is a word I never use. Except, of course, when I'm taking the piss.

David Lee, Liverpool

Bog may be fine for Liverpuddle, but confusing for our aristocratic readership. After all, among the paying 449,643 are a good sprinkling of peers.

The last issue of your excellent magazine that I read featured Carrie's confrontation with a window cleaner. This brought to mind an incident from my

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7
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Long Size
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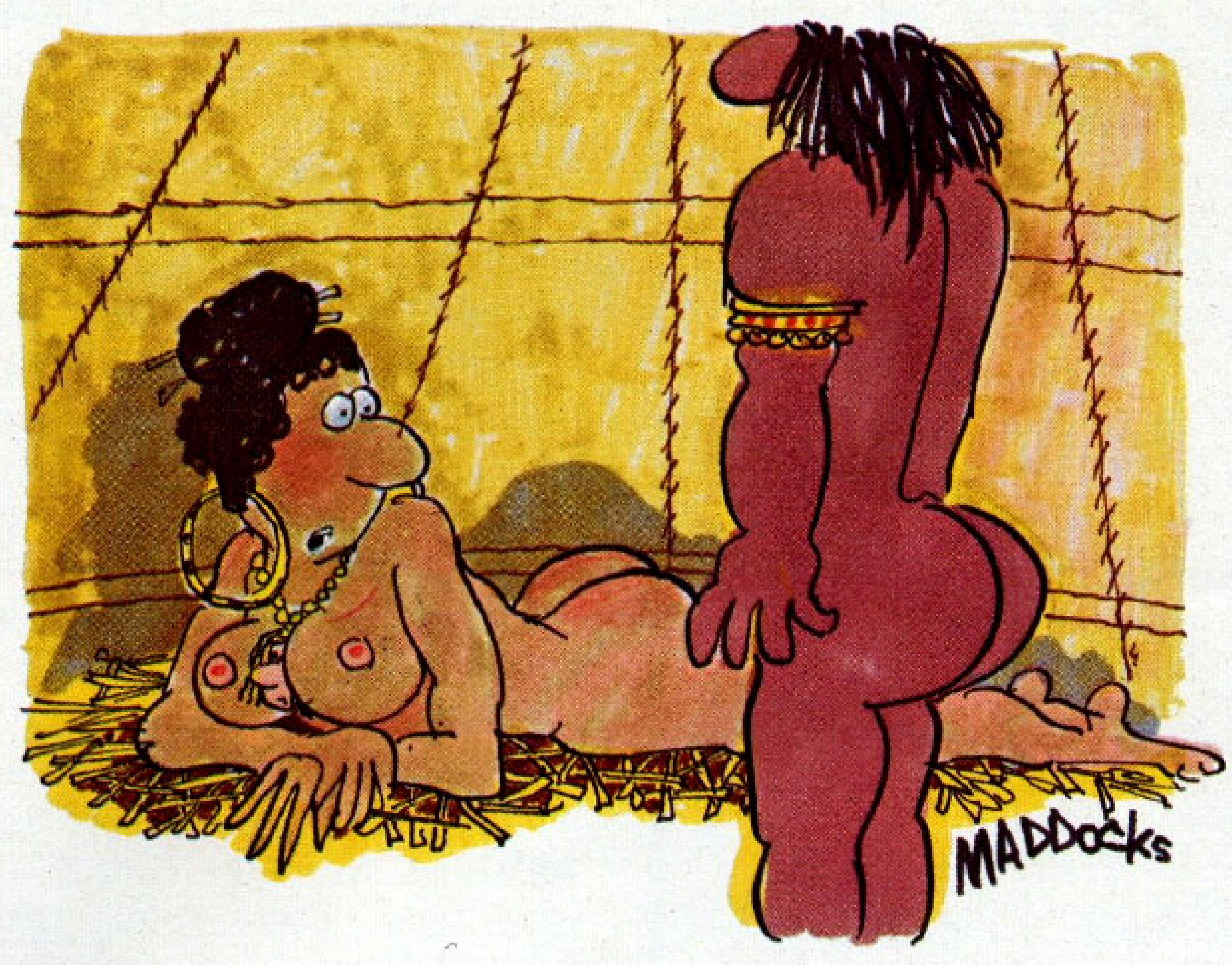
EVERY PACKET CARRIES



'I thought we were supposed to be a tribe of headshrinkers'

school days which I thought you might find amusing.

Returning from school with a young lady friend I would, in my younger days, take her to my bedroom, divest her of her school uniform and pursue my sex education lessons to their ecstatic conclusion. The young lady in question was pretty and well endowed and I always preferred to see what I was doing. Thus I would leave my curtains open.

One day, however, as I had just mounted my fiery steed a sudden noise caused me to withdraw from the perfumed pussy and rush to the window.

Sure enough, as I had suspected, I could see a cap ascending a ladder towards me, in all probability with a window cleaner underneath.

I quickly pulled my curtains to. But as the curtains never closed completely I had to stand there holding them together. As the man reached a level with the window I heard a gasp and muffled laughter.

It was only after he had descended the ladder, chortling to himself, that I realised that the curtains had not closed completely but had formed a kink around an angry member of my anatomy that protruded through them. It must have been quite a surprise for him having to clean the windows with a dismembered member poking out of a curtain at him like something from a pornographic Punch and Judy show. I'm surprised that he didn't fall off his ladder.

(Name and address withheld)

Lucky for you he didn't – he'd probably have grabbed the first thing he could find to save himself.

When reading through Vol. 9 No. 5 of your excellent magazine I came across a most interesting view of the centre girl, Diana Halprin. On holding the centre spread up to the light I discovered that Diana was apparently making the most erotic use of what appeared to be a carrot! Further investigations revealed that the carrot was, in fact, the wheel strut of a model plane on the other side of the page!

I must compliment you on this exciting piece of photography!

Cfn. Hannah, SEME Bordon, Hants.

With the evidence before us we can see exactly what you mean, but – regretfully perhaps – it was completely unintentional. We'll be keeping a close eye out for similar coincidences.

As an American, *Mayfair* was unknown to me before I arrived in Britain for an extended vacation with my girlfriend. Sure, we have a great many similar magazines in the States, including the daddy of them all, (which seems to have gone a bit flabby in its old age), but my girl and I are in agreement that *Mayfair* is about the best we've come across. It's cool to find a magazine that doesn't set out to preach and has no hang-ups about the type of entertainment it sets out to provide. Anyway, praise apart, what really prompted this missive was the varied topics raised

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Limited membership applications are being accepted up to 31st December, 1974, the details of which are listed below. For further information please contact the Membership Secretary at 930 1648.

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LETTERS

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by the people whose letters you publish in each issue. You see, though sex is discussed pretty openly on college campuses in the States, it's still very much a taboo subject everywhere else. My girl and I were really taken aback to read what some of your correspondents had to say, especially in view of the fact that most of the folks back home would no more write to a magazine with the intimate details of their sex lives than they would screw in front of a paying audience at Madison Square Gardens in New York. Encouraged by the freedom that exists in your pages, my girl and I figured you might like to hear about a pretty freaky Stateside sex happening which we attended prior to our departure for Britain. I guess most of your readers will have heard of Greenwich Village in New York; it has roughly the same kind of atmosphere and young populace that can be found in London's Chelsea. Now we have several good friends who live in the Village and among them is a guy called George, who is famous for the wild parties he throws on average once a month. George's parties are a real example to all those who want to swing but who aren't too sure just how to go about it. Firstly the guests. Maximum fifty, (he has an average size apartment). It's vital that the number of girls is slightly higher than the number of guys. Then the drink. Hard liquor seems to cost pretty much the same everywhere, and that price is high. So stick to wine and beer – it's cheaper and it goes further. Add the last ingredient, which is loud, stomping music, and away you go. Usually the pattern at these parties is pretty much the same. As the booze goes down, the inhibitions do likewise and soon enough a mass free-for-all is taking place. This is where the wisdom of a higher ratio of girls to guys pays off, as no girl likes to be left in the cold. Consequently each guy has one, (at least!) partner. Well all this is pretty standard, but the last party was a real blast. Why? I guess it's all down to a young British girl called Diana who was set on proving that Britons are not the stiff upper-lipped types they're made out to be. Midway though this particular party, Diana announced that she was going to ball every guy in the joint, and having said this, she grabbed the guy standing nearest to her and practically ripped the pants off him. I don't think I'll ever come nearer to seeing a girl rape a guy. It was really amazing. Naturally enough, all the girls at the party were on Diana's side and it didn't take long for some of them to follow her example and start grabbing other guys. The room was transformed into a mass of heaving bodies as guys were hauled to the floor by warm hands which touched, fondled, caressed and stroked. Clothes were hurled out of windows and the guys, being outnumbered, didn't have a chance. Not that this was such a bad thing, because the sensation of being held down by four girls while a fifth rode you to a magnificent climax is something else! This went on all night, and the sight the following morning of some twenty guys staggering out onto the sidewalk must have been quite something. To all those who read and produce *Mayfair*: 'Keep On Trucking!'

Ed Capelli, New York City.

Right on, soul brother!

Your lady correspondent in Vol. 9 No. 8 who claims that the size of a man's penis is predetermined by the size of his hands is using the wrong rule of thumb. In fact, a man's feet are the true sign: the smaller the feet the bigger the penis. I have not unfortunately been able to carry out a national survey to prove this method but in my own experience I have found the theory to be accurate. My husband, for instance takes a $6\frac{1}{2}$ wide fitting shoe and is well endowed.

Perhaps some of your readers should try doing their own surveys – I am sure that they will find that I am right.

Mrs G.L., West Lothian.

We'd be fascinated to hear from anybody who can measure his penis in feet.

Your article on *Le Petomane* in Vol. 9 No. 8 must have

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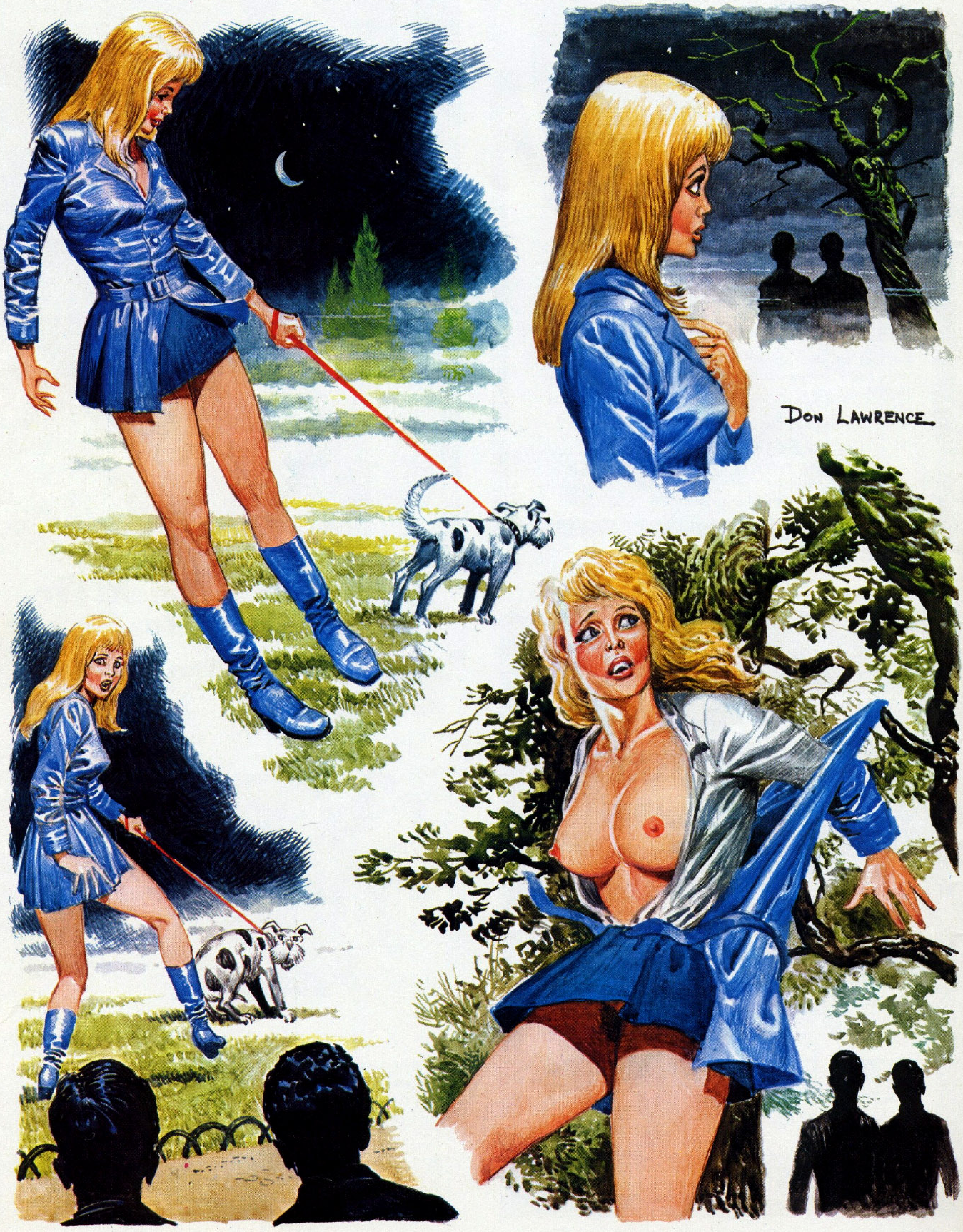
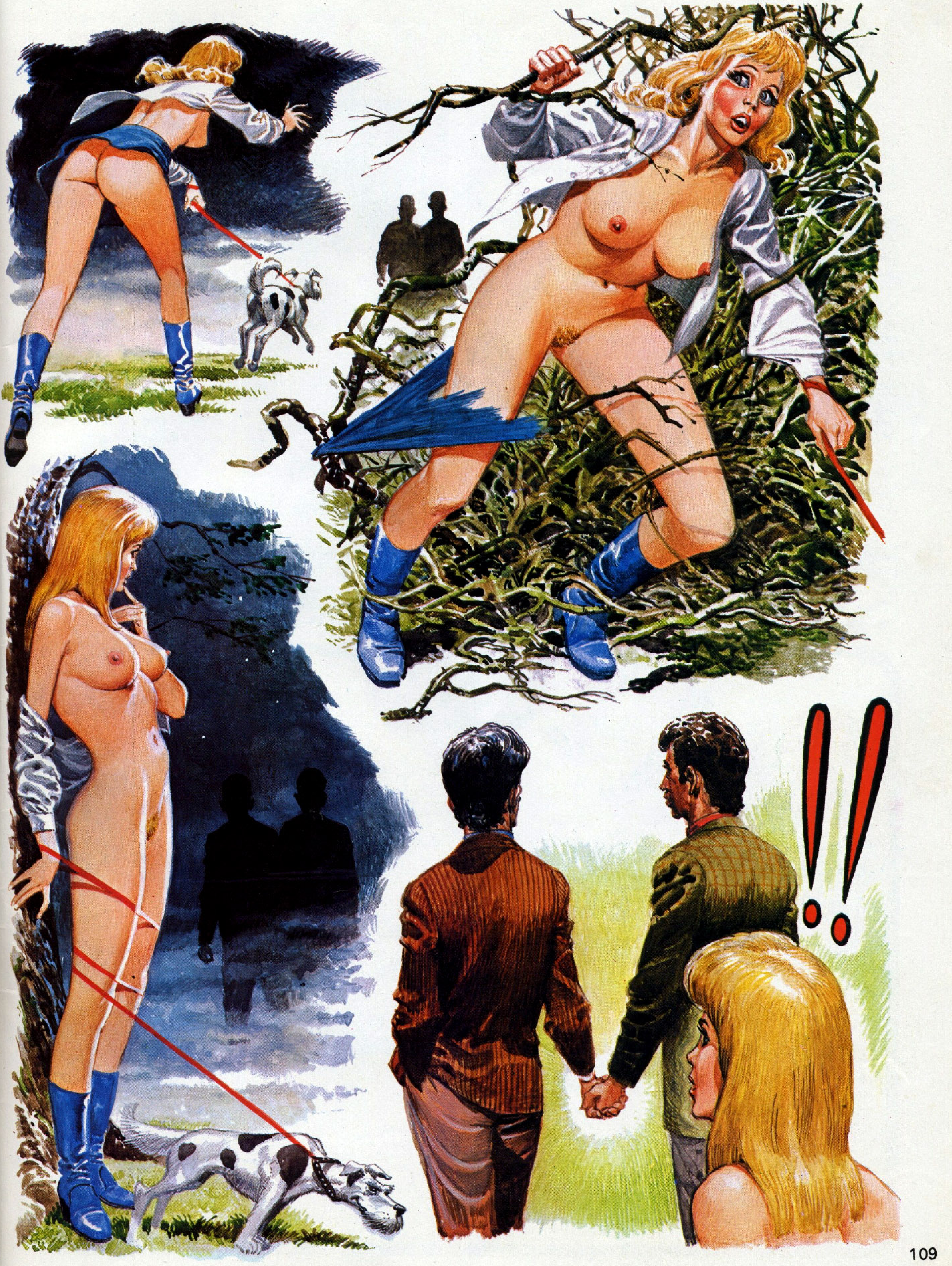
CARRIE

A late night stroll
on the common runs
our stripgirl ragged


DON LAWRENCE



LETTERS

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proved a delight to all farters everywhere. For me, a good fart is a source of indescribable pleasure and satisfaction. I remember once travelling on top of a number 15 bus going down London's Oxford Street. At Marble Arch, I could feel a real blockbuster building up. On reaching Selfridges I could contain it no longer and let rip with a real snorter which went on nearly as far as Oxford Circus. It was a beauty, even though I say so myself, mingling the sound of an enraged bull elephant with the delicate nuance of an out-of-sorts trombone. There was an embarrassed silence among my fellow passengers, then a small, plaintive fart from a kindred spirit at the back showed I was not alone in my appreciation of a good blow. Farters of the world unite!

F.G.H., Paddington.

We appreciate your blow-by-blow commentary.

The girls in *Mayfair* are always beautiful but we never see half or fully dressed girls soaking wet. I have seen letters from your readers requesting more pictures of wet girls and surely clinging clothes are very sexy. And what about more girls in uniform? Air hostess and WREN uniforms are very sexy and, I think, some traffic wardens can look very enticing in their uniforms.

The ultimate for me would be one of your gorgeous girls dressed or half dressed in a traffic warden's uniform cavorting in the sea.

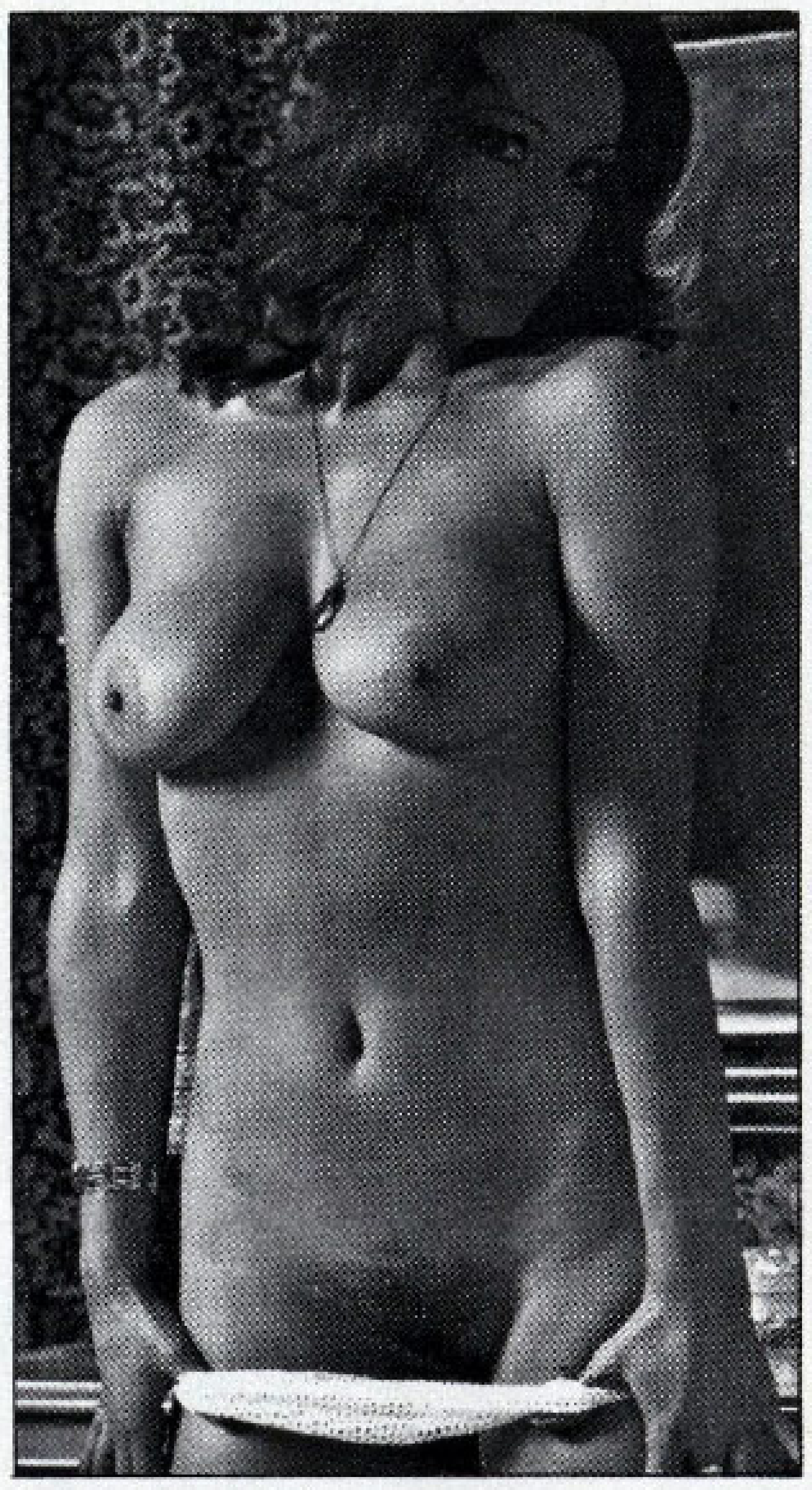
If any of your readers have seen the '*Good Parking Guide*' which features a picture of an amazingly attractive girl in traffic warden's garb I am sure they will agree that this uniform can be other than the object of the usual feelings!

A.W., London N.4.

What wonderful pictures of Lesley Munday you had in Vol. 9 No. 8! I cannot thank you enough for showing us this beautiful girl in all her glory: she is truly a gorgeous specimen of womanhood in full flower and she should have been the girl of the month. Please print another photo of her. After all, there should be more than one Munday in a month!

R. Warmington, Hounslow

Here is another Munday.



Bill Boddy's preview of what will be on the roads in 1984 did not mention the future of the motor cycle. A sad omission indeed. If we're looking for transport that is economical as well as personalised it seems to me that the motor car must become less and less practical in terms of its vast consumption of fuel, steel, rubber and so on.

But the practicalities aside, surely *Mayfair* should do an article on motor bikes? As a long standing reader of yours, I cannot remember seeing any articles on bikes. You have done just about everything else – even three wheelers – so what about two wheelers?

E. D. Ward, Bristol 6

Many of the letters published in your columns recently have come from women. Do you really receive a large number of letters from women or are their letters just more interesting than those you get from men?

M. Lewis, London SW6

Roughly one out of every three letters we receive are from lady readers. We find all *readers' letters interesting – and invaluable to our relationship with readers – whoever they come from.*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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